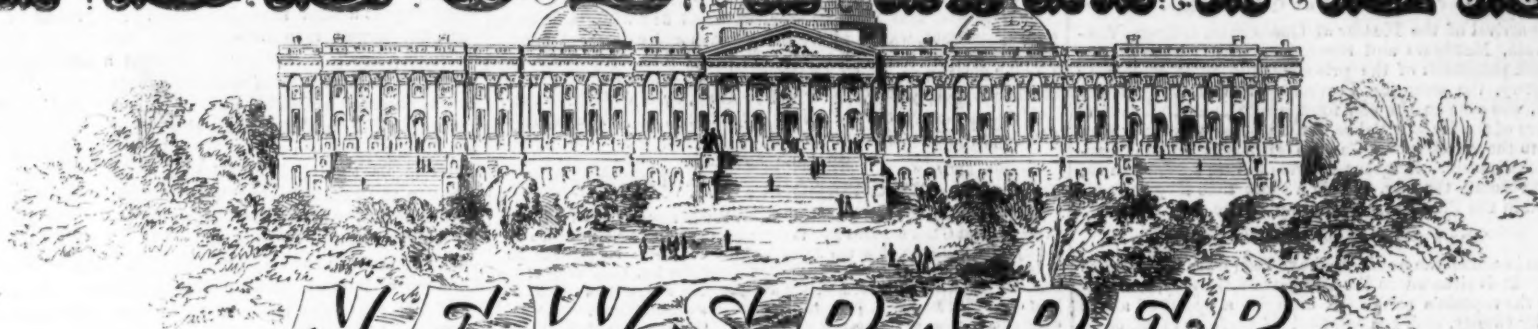


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1861.

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THE MUTINEERS OF THE STAGHOUND.

THE public of New York was much interested, on the 31st December, by the arrival of the clipper ship *Hussar*, of New Bedford, Captain Howland, from Batavia, having on board twenty-four prisoners, the mutineers of the *Staghound*, among whom was James Morris, the murderer of the second officer, a son of Captain Hussey, of the *Staghound*. This man, Morris, also stabbed the first officer, but the wounds were not mortal, and he has since recovered.

Description of the Murderer.

Morris is a low, square-built man, about twenty-seven years of age, sandy complexion, moustache and imperial. He is very communicative, and seems to be an intelligent man. He states that he was badly treated during the passage, as well as the rest of the crew, but always obeyed orders.

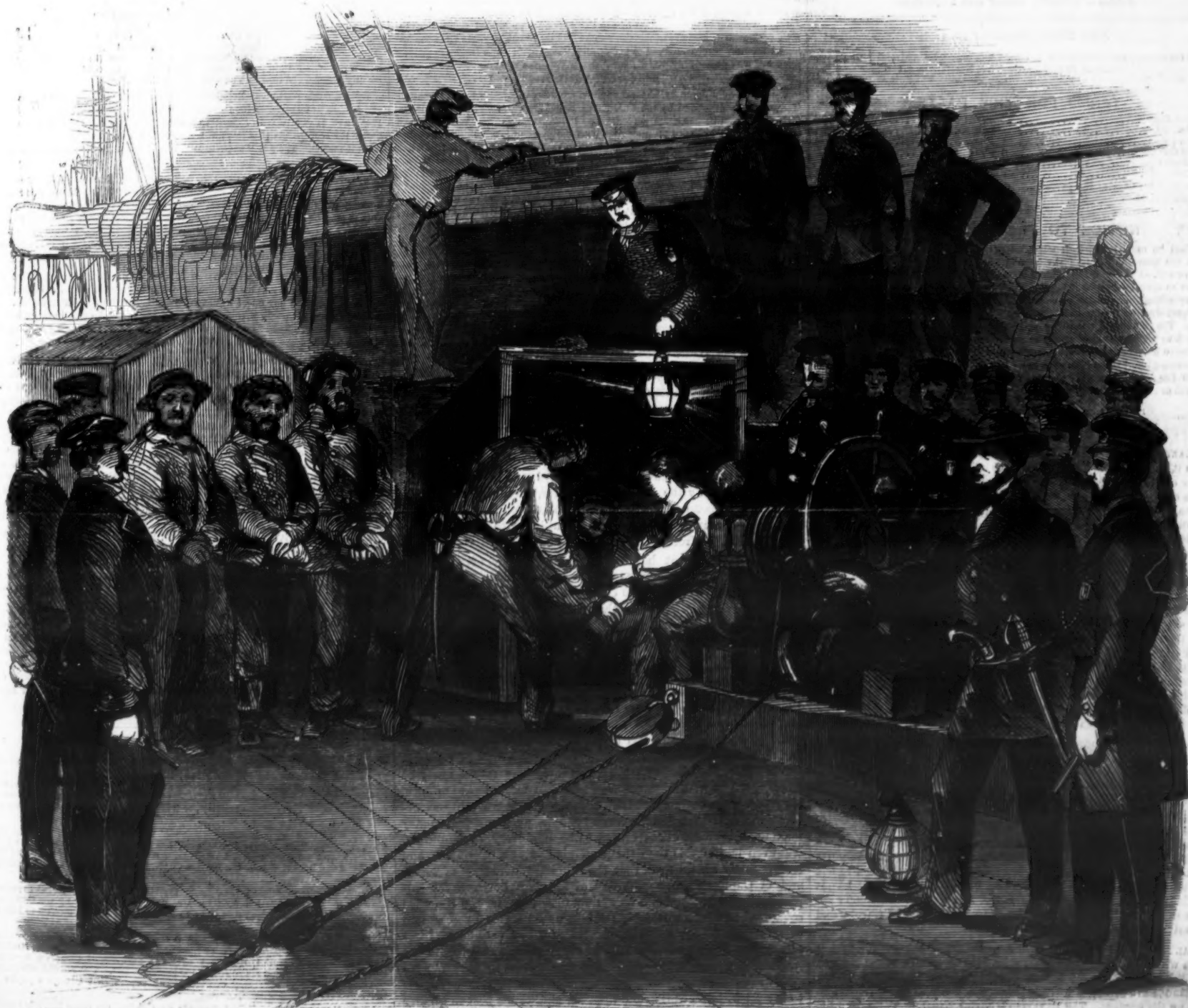
His Account of the Tragedy.

The ship having a cargo of four hundred coolies on board, it was necessary to keep a strict watch upon them, as they would naturally, when they discovered the deception that had been



CAPTAIN HOWLAND, OF THE SHIP *HUSSAR*, IN WHICH THE MUTINEERS OF THE *STAGHOUND* WERE CONFINED AND BROUGHT TO NEW YORK.

practised upon them, attempt to free themselves. The hatches being open for ventilation, the coolies took advantage and rose *en masse*, endeavoring to take possession of the ship. The crew—foremost among whom was Morris, the murderer—made an onslaught upon them; and after a desperate struggle, during which many of the coolies were killed and many driven into the sea, the crew succeeded in getting the revolted coolies under hatches, where they were at length properly secured. These exertions, which were very arduous, resulted in the salvation of captain, ship and crew; nevertheless, the captain afterwards abused him for not making greater efforts. One day, as Morris was crossing the narrow bridge, about three feet wide, leading from the poop to the main deck house, the second officer, Hussey, called him some hard names, which Morris replied to as saucily, whereupon Hussey seized a large bucket and knocked him down. In the excitement of the moment Morris sprang up, and drawing his sheath knife, plunged it into his assailant's abdomen. Hussey then ran for the cabin, while the first officer attacked Morris, who stabbed him also. The entire crew, hearing of the occurrence,



CAPTAIN HOWLAND, OF THE *HUSSAR*, FORMALLY DELIVERING THE MUTINEERS OF THE SHIP *STAGHOUND* TO THE POLICE AUTHORITIES OF NEW YORK.

took sides with Morris so strongly that they, to the number of twenty-four, refused to work, and were imprisoned without any resistance. Their names are: Constant Ricard, Albert Blackman, James Wilson, Alfred Gregory, Robert Knight, John Purvis, John Gileson, Wm. Adams, Thos. Ryan (alias Thos. Dremantto), Edward Green, Jerome Leavitt, Geo. Case, H. W. Rochdale, John Wilson, John Roberts, John Johnston, Henry Lewis, H. Adams, John Smith, James Morris, Domingo Antonio, Edward Whitehouse, Charles Watson, Wm. Adolph.

Arrival of the Hussar at Quarantine.

Upon the arrival of the Hussar at Quarantine, Officers Vandervee, Swain, Matthews and Stock immediately boarded the ship and took possession of the prisoners, and upon anchoring off the Battery, the steam tug Portland, which had towed the vessel there, was sent to the city for a reinforcement, when Sergeant Bowers of the Harbor Police, with a posse of twenty men proceeded to the vessel, when Captain Howland formally surrendered the prisoners. Sergeant Bowers having secured them, sent them on board the tug, and in a short time they were all safely lodged in the First Precinct Station House.

The Prison on the Hussar.

The prison in which the mutineers have been confined is quite a curiosity. It is situated in the afterpart of the ship, immediately under the captain's cabin. It occupies a space of about thirty feet by twenty, and is composed of three tiers of cells, complete in everything, thoroughly and properly ventilated, and its cleanliness and order are remarkable. The prisoners all speak in the highest terms of Captain Howland, whose firmness and humanity were conspicuous throughout the entire voyage. Our merchant captains so frequently develop the opposite qualities, that it is a pleasure to bear witness to the worth of this noble specimen of the American sailor. Nearly twenty vessels had refused to take these men on board, when Captain Howland was applied to. Well knowing the trustworthiness of his crew, he immediately consented, and made every preparation for their safe keeping and comfort. They have arrived here in good health, to take their trial for the offences with which they are charged.

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HAS again become the popular resort of EVERY LOVER OF THE WONDERFUL, THE CURIOUS AND AMUSING.

And is now attracting more attention, and receiving more visitors than every other place of Amusement in New York. Everything novel, curious and interesting is secured by Mr. Barnum, and presented to his visitors in addition to the 850,000 Curiosities from every part of the world, and the

SPLENDID DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS

which take place every afternoon at 5 o'clock, and every evening at half-past 7, by a full and complete dramatic company. At present the two LIVING ASTRONAUTS, the most curious, wonderful and interesting human beings the world has ever produced; the LIVING WHAT IS IT? or MAN MONKEY; the two ALBINO CHILDREN; the GIANT AQUARIA; MONSTER SNAKES; LIVING HAPPY FAMILY, &c., &c., are all on exhibition, and yet the price of admission to the whole is only 25 cents. Children under 10 years 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in rapport with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

ENGLAND.—Parliament has been prorogued from Jan. 5 to Feb. 5, when it will certainly meet. The Duke of Newcastle has received the Order of the Garter for his services during his late tour in America. For a singular speech he made at a grand Masonic dinner about Queen Victoria and the American people, we refer our readers to "Editorial Glances." The British press is very severe upon the Presidential Message to Congress on the South Carolina troubles, and contrast his vacillating conduct with that of Jackson in 1832. Our British cousins forget that the Tariff and Slavery are very different affairs. One was a question of taxation—the other of social existence. It is not unlikely that the comments and sarcasms of the British press may have some influence upon Mr. Buchanan, as he is very susceptible of European criticism. As we anticipated in our last, the British Government have ordered a fleet to proceed to Mexico, to demand satisfaction for the insults, wrongs and robberies inflicted by that atrocious robber, Miramon, upon British subjects. A French force will co-operate with the English. This hunting in couples for the last nine years is one of the most significant facts of the day—Crimea, China, and now Mexico. There is considerable distress among the weavers of Coventry.

FRANCE.—The Emperor has made great concessions to the English—Englishmen are to be allowed to travel in France without passports, a privilege denied to even Frenchmen. The American Minister has demanded a similar right for American travellers. The Emperor bases the alteration upon the enormous intercourse now existing between England and France, owing to the New Treaty, and which renders it almost impossible to carry out the old system and also upon the fact that Frenchmen are not required to have passports when they visit England. Another political pamphlet has been published in Paris. It is entitled "The Emperor Francis Joseph I. and Venetia." It is written by Grandguillot, and has, it is said, received the sanction of Louis Napoleon. It strongly advises the sale of Venetia, as necessary to the repose of Europe and the salvation of Austria.

ITALY.—The siege of Gaeta still continues, but the French fleet is to be withdrawn, when Victor Emanuel will attack it by sea and land. It may be expected to fall every day. France, Russia and England have strongly advised the dethroned King of Naples to give up the contest. The Bavarian Minister has left Turin, and the Sardinian Minister to Munich has been recalled in consequence. Everything points to a sanguinary war in the spring, without France

and England energetically demand from Austria the sale of Venetia. The Pope has been advised by Louis Napoleon to make terms with Victor Emanuel, as he means to withdraw his troops from Rome in April.

AUSTRIA.—There are rumors that Count Rechberg is about to resign his position. Should this prove true, it augurs well for peace.

CHINA.—We learn, via St. Petersburg, that the Chinese, unable to oppose the Allies, have granted all that Baron Gros and Lord Elgin demanded, and that the allied forces were retiring from Peking to Tien Sin, and that the Emperor, who had fled with "a baker's dozen" of wives, was to return to his dishonored capital. The missing French and English prisoners are reported as being massacred by the brutal Chinese. The London Times advises the hanging of the Tartar Commander Prince Tin-Son-Aling, by whose orders these unfortunate men were butchered. Diplomacy, will, however, most probably, swallow the outrage.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

In the Senate, on the 31st of December, Mr. Powell reported that the Special Crisis Committee had not been able to agree upon any plan for meeting the difficulty, and requested that the Journal of the Committee be printed. Mr. Wilson moved for information as to what disposition had been made of the arms made at the national armories, if any had been sold, and to whom, &c. Laid over. Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, made a strong disunion speech, which excited the vociferous applause of the galleries. On the motion of Mr. Mason, the galleries were cleared, a circumstance that has not occurred for years.

In the House, on the 31st of December, Mr. Floyd's explanation was read. It justifies his giving his acceptances to Russell, Majors & Waddell, the Government contractors, alleging that without he afforded them that accommodation the contract could not have been fulfilled. He also denies all knowledge of the abstraction of the bonds. He vindicates his general management of his administration of the War Department, and challenges the severest scrutiny. Floyd's explanation was handed over to the Select Committee appointed to investigate the defalcation of the Indian Trust Bonds. Mr. Pryor then offered the following resolution: "That any attempt to preserve the Union between the States of the Confederacy by force would be impracticable, and destructive to Republican Liberty." The previous question was ordered, and the resolution was laid on the table by a vote of 98 to 55. The Committee on Military Affairs was directed to inquire and report how, to whom, &c., arms have been distributed since January, 1860, and also to report the condition of the forts, arsenals, dockyards, &c. Mr. Holman, of Indiana, then moved that the right of a State to secede was not recognized by the Constitution, and that neither the President nor Congress is invested with authority to recognize any State in any other character than a State in the Union, &c. A motion to lay the subject on the table was negatived by 43 to 38.

In the Senate, on the 2d of January, Mr. Baker, of Oregon, made a very strong reply to Benjamin's grand disunion speech of the preceding week. He denied the right of secession altogether, and contended that the Constitution, instead of being a mere compact between sovereign States, dissoluble at will, was a perpetual and sacred bond between the entire people. Mr. Baker, without concluding, yielded to a motion to adjourn; but before the adjournment took place, Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, asked and obtained leave to present a preamble and resolution virtually sanctioning the demand of South Carolina that the Federal troops be withdrawn from the fortifications in Charleston harbor, though not expressly saying so in so many words. They were laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

In the House, the day was spent principally in an effort to get a vote on a resolution of inquiry in reference to the late rebellious movements in South Carolina, and of course involving an investigation of the position of the Administration regarding the question of secession. Two documents from New Jersey, relating to the condition of the Union—one a memorial from the citizens of Newark, and the other the resolutions passed at the late Union meeting at Trenton—were referred to the Special Committee. The Indian appropriation bill was passed.

State of Affairs.

The movement made by Major Anderson from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumpter was generally approved by the Union and Republican parties, but, of course, highly resented by the secessionists. The Commissioners from South Carolina at Washington demanded an interview with the President, which he refused to them in their official capacity, but granted to them as distinguished citizens of their native State. They demanded a distinct disavowal from him of the act of Major Anderson, and his return to Fort Moultrie. These points were refused by the President, and Secretary Floyd resigned in consequence, on the ground that his personal honor was involved, since he had promised not to make any alteration in the disposition of the federal troops. Mr. Holt, the Postmaster, was thereupon appointed to hold his office *ad interim*. The last report is that the secessionists had resolved to besiege Fort Sumpter, and had formed batteries to bombard it. The South Carolinians had also remounted the guns at Fort Moultrie, and seized the revenue cutter Albatron, which was under the palmetto flag. There was also a report that the secessionists had made arrangements to seize the Federal Capital, to prevent the inauguration of Lincoln. The Government had ordered the steam frigate Brooklyn to be in readiness to sail from Norfolk, Virginia, to Charleston, in order to collect the revenues and to protect the public buildings and property. The President had appointed a Collector for Charleston in the place of Mr. Colcock, who had resigned his position as a federal officer, and accepted office under the State authority.

Mechanics and Manufacturers.

WHENEVER a storm, a strike or a panic arises in the industrial world, it is invariably accompanied by fierce gusts of oratory and editorial settings-forth of the assumed fact that there is an inherent and eternal antagonism between Labor and Capital, that the operative always has been and always will be a sort of serf trampled down by the rich, and that manufacturing generally is only another name for social tyranny of the most irritating description—irritating because subtly coupled with political rights and the name of freedom.

It certainly cannot be denied that in bygone ages this was entirely the state of affairs as regarded the relations of workman and capitalist. It is still the case in the great manufacturing districts of inner Russia, where the master literally owns his serfs, though it is worth observing that even there the natural tendency of intelligent labor has been to virtually free the workman and vastly improve their mental and physical condition. It was quite the case in England during the period when factory abuses were so revolting, and it is very much the case when any Government, by a monopoly, puts it into the power of capitalists to make their own terms with the employed. But be it observed that this state of affairs has been due in a great measure to the fact that Capital has long been itself in the hands of officially privileged classes, or of an aristocracy, while much must be allowed for its getting under way into full action. It is almost only within the memory of man that the civilized world has become a world of manufacturers and shopkeepers, and that money making by industry has ceased to be positively disreputable. Yet even within this time the principle has been developed, and is now fairly established, that the ultimate tendency of Labor and of Capital is to a harmony of interests between the employer and employed. Every new discovery in the practical organization of manufacturing brings us nearer to a recognition of this fact, and the result has been a slow but very decided improvement in the condition of the operative. It is from the ranks of the workmen themselves that the future "bosses" generally come, and the workman who has the plain common sense to lay up what he can, avoid tipping, and do his best to qualify himself for a manager—as was done by Robert Stephenson—is certain to rise. Furthermore, it is found that the competition of

Capital and the superior advantage to be derived from a superior class of workmen, are having a vast effect in diminishing the old tyranny of Capital.

But we hear operatives often urge that it requires all their money to "live decently," and that they cannot, in consequence, save anything. Let us look into this. A century ago the English operative did not live decently at all. At a still earlier date he wore neither linen nor cotton, seldom tasted any meat, was in every respect a most miserable being. At present in Philadelphia, the largest manufacturing city in America, he generally occupies a small three-story house, has a bath-tub—a luxury unknown to thousands of wealthy people in the country—and, as was observed by Michel Chevalier, lives essentially as well as anybody. He decidedly wears shirts, and eats not merely meat, but during the season of employed industry enjoys every day far better meals than it is usual to set before travellers at most Western and Southern rural hotels. There is no reason why he should not enjoy all this and much more—but the incontrovertible fact that he does do so is an ample confirmation of the gradually improving condition of Labor, and of the growth of the harmony of interests between employers and employed.

Of late years the effort to produce an antagonism between Capital and Labor has been confined to vulgar and unprincipled demagogues who live by political quarrels, or by men quite ignorant of practical business and of political economy. The great minds of every country believe in this harmony, that it contains the true secret of "the greatest good for the greatest number," and that in the full and free development of Capital and Labor is the basis of sound government and power. Louis Napoleon believes in this doctrine, acts on it, and understands, in consequence, how much it is necessary to "let out," and when it is necessary to give the people a little more liberty to confirm his own power; just as a sensible cotton-spinner knows that to keep work up, wages and privileges must also be kept up. Russia, Germany and England have all recognized these truths, and look confidently to the time when visions of starving mechanics mobbing cotton lords will be ranked with the doctrines of those who are "opposed to the introduction of labor-saving machines."

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The Duke of Newcastle has made a declaration which gives to Prince Albert more rivals than any man has ever had before. We all know that no man likes to be told that Jones or Smith is in love with his wife; but who would like to be told that an entire nation, including all the Joneses and Smiths had a passion for his legal divinity. At a recent dinner in England, the Duke of Newcastle made this fatal revelation. He said:

"After leaving this country he went to another, which, it was true, did not at present own the sceptre of Great Britain, and therefore, throughout the many thousand miles through which he had travelled, there was not the same loyalty because there was not the call for it in a country which was not subordinate to the Crown of England, but there was an amount of respect, of attachment, of veneration and of love for the Queen of this country which far transcended anything that could possibly have been expected. It was a tribute on the part of the American people; it was a demonstration of their veneration for female excellence, and it was also a proof of their deep and lasting attachment to the mother country. He had no hesitation in saying that the feeling towards the Queen of Great Britain in the United States of America could not be designated by any other word than he knew of but a passion."

What a noble picture—a Republic of thirty millions in love with one woman, and joining in one tremendous chorus of "What's Life without Passion—sweet Passion of Love?" With regard to his saying that we are not "at present" under the sceptre of Great Britain, we leave Mr. Buchanan to ask Lord Lyons what it means. The not "at present" would seem to imply we were going to be.

Thompson, Brothers, the well known brokers of Wall street and Broadway, state in their letter concerning the stolen Indian Trust Bonds, that the only one they have is one that has been in their possession for two years. This at once overthrows Bailey's statement that they were abstracted to meet Secretary Floyd's prospective and conditional acceptances. It would also seem to imply that the embezzlement has been of a much longer and more gradual kind than is generally supposed.

That most Philanthropic Man, J. W. Farmer, entertained the houseless and hungry at his warehouse in Ludlow street, on New Year's day. A few such men in our midst would vastly sweeten the bitterness of life. He practises what he preaches, and which begins and ends in mere words. As the season promises to be most trying to the poor, the most kind-hearted of our citizens should organize some plan for their relief.

The Nonchalance with which the monarchic system repudiates humanity—shown in the charmed circle of aristocracy—has lately been exhibited by General Canini, the Commander of the Piedmontese troops now besieging Gaeta. As usual, the deposed Neapolitan monarch had hoisted a black flag over the hospital, in order to protect them from the fire of the besiegers. General Canini thereupon sent a messenger requesting Bombalino to plant a black flag over the palace in which he and his Queen resided, in order to spare that also. This tendency to spare the chief criminal is characteristic of the despotism which has so beclouded the judgment, that humanity is unblushingly outraged by men who lead a cause professing to put an end to an infamous tyranny. The solemn and public execution of the twin demons of Naples and Vienna in the good old style of Oliver Cromwell would do more to raise human nature than the abstract theories of Fourier, Mazzini and Comte.

The perfect and most unblushing innocence with which one of the fair sex puts herself up for sale through the rostrum of an advertisement is very remarkable. A daily paper has the following:

"A prepossessing Philadelphia widow lady, aged twenty-four, wishes to make the acquaintance of a liberal New York gentleman of wealth, which may tend to their mutual benefit and happiness."

There are several points to admire in this modest appeal to the liberal gentlemen of New York. First and foremost, it shows the evident despair of the fair advertiser of finding a liberal gentleman in Philadelphia. We are afraid in coming to New York she has "gone farther to fare worse." The next point is that Philadelphia widows are of the feminine gender—"a widow lady." Last, but not least, it requires Philadelphia, New York and liberality to work out "mutual benefit and happiness." Apropos, what does the female widow mean by calling herself "prepossessing?"

PERSONAL.

DANGEROUS ILLNESS OF DR. FRANCIS.—We regret to learn that our venerable and respected friend and fellow-citizen, Dr. John W. Francis, is now lying ill at his residence in East Sixteenth street, and that but slight hopes are entertained of his recovery. This news will be the cause of heartfelt sorrow to thousands in all parts of the country, to whom his friendship and favor were a source of pride and gratification.

We are informed that Bachman's splendid view of New York, with the two rivers, is not taken from the Narrows, but from Governor's Island, which allows a much more distinct panorama. It gives an excellent idea of the grandeur and importance of the Empire City. The coloring is also admirably done.

Among the distinguished artists lately arrived, we must not forget to record Cruizer, the famous horse tamed by Mr. Rarey. He came by the Cornelius Grinnell. We are surprised that the City Hall has not been tendered to him as a reception-room.

It is common rumor may be considered as any authority, Abraham Lincoln has made great way in the formation of his Cabinet. Bates, of Missouri, Minister of the Interior; Fremont, Secretary of War; and Simon Cameron for Postmaster. Moses Grinnell is spoken of for the Treasury. The Herald advocates Governor Baker as Secretary of State. The report that George Opatyko is Grinnell's rival is absurd.

VICTOR EMANUEL has promoted Marquis de Canda, the tenor Mario's father, to a high post in the Sardinian army.

The English papers announce that Wallace is putting the finishing touches to

his fine opera of the "Amber Witch," and that it will shortly be produced in London.

JOHN BROUGHAM has just finished a very successful engagement in Liverpool. ANDREW JACKSON ALLEN NEAFIE is performing at the Surrey Theatre, a third-rate establishment on the Surrey side of the Thames. He was very much praised in the provinces for his correct elocution.

MAYOR POWELL, of Brooklyn, received his friends on the 1st with great cordiality, but no cordials.

We regret to see General Wool forgetting the soldier in the author. He has written to the *Troy Daily Times* a letter, in which he declares that if the President were to order Major Anderson to abandon Fort Sumpter, two hundred thousand men would march down South to take vengeance. This is not the right way to act in the present excitement.

FERNANDO WOOD has suspended Mr. Devlin, the new Chamberlain. This led to a very exciting debate in the Aldermanic Chamber on Monday. It is a very pretty quarrel as it now stands, and promises to become still more interesting.

MR. HANKE has been appointed Consul at Honolulu, the former official having been dismissed for corrupt practices in the hospital department.

GENERAL SCOTT has sent a letter, through the War Office, complimenting Major Anderson for his promptitude in occupying Fort Sumpter.

The Prince of Wales has left Oxford University, and will finish his studies at Trinity College, Cambridge.

HON. PIERRE SOULS, of Louisiana, hitherto a strong Douglas man, has published in the *New Orleans Bee* a card, in which he maintains the right of secession.

EDMUND YATES, famous for his quarrel with Thackeray, is the London correspondent of the *Daily Times*. He is a special friend of Charles Dickens.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN have announced their intention of paying a farewell visit to America. It would seem as though nothing but death would drag an actor from the stage.

The recent murders in the railroad cars in France have induced the Government to order the adoption of the American system of alarm signals.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JUN., is building a splendid yacht of twice the size of the *Rebecca*. It is to be a model of beauty and sea-going qualities. The *Philadelphia Press* (Forney's paper), strange to say, pays a very high but well-deserved compliment to the young Napoleon of the Press.

The Spanish frigate left New York harbor on the 2d January, exchanging farewell salutes with our naval and military authorities. Expeta, the well-known musician of Washington, has sailed in her as band-master.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Time's Changes.

THE Old Year died at midnight, just as the rejoicing bells rang out merrily a welcome to the New Year. The King 1860 is dead—long live the King 1861! The remarks of Mayor Wood, in his proclamation appointing a day of Thanksgiving, "that he did not see any point particularly satisfactory in the present state of things to be thankful for," will be found much more philosophical than irreverent if we look the "state of things" boldly in the face. If we look at our situation politically, comparing it with our past history, have we any reason to rejoice? Disunion stalks abroad, rearing its head where before it would have sought out secret places to mutter out its complaints and vengeance; dishonesty, fraud and reckless scoundrelism exist throughout our whole political body, until we wonder if, in so utterly corrupt an organization, one honest man can be found in an official position! The national treasury drained, the national credit dishonored, the most hopeless demoralization characterizing every department. Our only thanksgiving for this must be—Thank God that it is not worse!

Socially, are we better? Do we not see through the whole North and East tens of thousands of honest, hard-working mechanics deprived of employment, and destitute almost of the mere necessities of life, home business stagnant, commerce all but paralyzed, our merchants falling everywhere, while the people of the two great sections of our common country, gazing angrily at each other, muttering defiance with bated breath, stand with their fingers on the trigger, the sword half drawn from its scabbard, ready to mingle in deadly conflict at the beck of a few ambitious and unfaithful counsellors, who would gladly rise to power upon the shameful ruin of the grandest moral and social system that ever sprang from the wise counsels and pure devotion of honest and patriotic men. To this we can only say—Thank God it is no worse!—that the proposed sacrifice has not yet been consummated.

Are we morally better than we were? Are the proud more humble, the rich more charitable, the professing Christians more tolerant? Are our poor better cared for, does the laborer get his just hire, have our rulers made one step towards ameliorating the joyless labor of the overtasked working men and women? Do the reckless Abolitionists no longer preach and otherwise incite servile war against their brothers in the South? We fear not; and therefore we can only say—Thank God it is no worse!

Least of all, ought we to be thankful for our city government; for the heavy burden of taxation it inflicts upon us or for the inappreciable infinitesimal amount of good which it accomplishes. For this we could not even say—Thank God it is no worse! for worse were impossible, and the Mayor knew it when he penned his theological heresy.

We are not sorry that old 1860 has gone to consort with the irrevocable Past. Its departure adds one more score to the tally on which our appointed days are numbered, but nevertheless we can hardly regret it, for the few flashes of sunshine which it vouchsafed us in its passage cannot compensate for the desponding gloom which marked its dying hours, and which it has left as a legacy to its successor in Time.

Some of the pleasant flashes of 1860 must have honorable mention, for we do not desire to be hard or unjust upon the departed. The first, the Japanese Embassy swept over us like a commerce cloud. They were copper-colored but dignified, unimpressible but wise, and had no more contempt for us and our ways than for any other people not born in Japan with a sacred and a secular head. We showed them our democratic simplicity, they gave us a specimen of their aristocratic exclusiveness. We got them over here to show them what they could buy and what "a big thing" we are; they came to see what the market value was of what they had to sell, that they might charge accordingly in future (which we shall find to our cost very soon), and also to show what "a big thing" they were. We honored them commercially, having one eye to the glory of our national bird and the other to their gold cobwebs, which we desired to hear jingle in our breeches' pockets. We were pretty well matched—the trader's greediness with the barbarian's cunning. They unconditionally adopted our champagne, we almost consented to nationalise their harikari. Can any one doubt that the highest and most remarkable commercial benefits will result from this glorious interchange of national courtesies, both parties being so sincere and so entirely disinterested? Oh, no! certainly not!

Even Our Poet was seized with a generous fervor, and exhibited it in about two thousand stanzas, which our readers will hardly expect us to reproduce in our columns. We, however, present a specimen brick, and if any enterprising publisher—Rudd & Cartleton, for instance, as they seem to be fond of very curious poetry—will make an offer for the whole, we will listen to it, for the salary we pay him is really thrown away.

Hail Royal brood of Japan;
Anene, with many swords;
With hair so barbarously arranged,
And hieroglyphic words!
On hospitable thoughts intent,
We'll fete them and we'll feed 'em,
In hopes that in some future time
We'll trade with them and bleed 'em!

The Great Eastern Comes Over and Brings Steward Cox.

The Old Year brought us the Great Eastern, and the Great Eastern brought us Steward Cox. That marvellous specimen of naval architecture—the ship, not the steward—more than equalled our most sanguine expectations, and it is not too much to say that she received a perfect ovation and any amount of unselfish praise from her country's rivals for the dominion of the sea. But how she managed to contain Cox will always remain a marvel. How so large a ship could hold so small a souled man, remains to this day an unanswered question—though it speaks loudly for her capacities for storage. How Cox managed to starve two thousand people for over

two days during a pleasure trip; how Cox managed to stow away such a small quantity of food in such a large vessel, and how Cox contrived to evade a suit of tar and feathers, are facts which have puzzled the wisest of us. But Cox went away with the Great Eastern, and we shall probably never see him again. Peace and repentance to Cox.

The Prince of Wales, God Bless Him!

A good, right hearty, whole-souled gleam of sunshine was the coming and the going of the Prince of Wales. From the day of his landing on American soil to the moment in which he stepped from the wharf at Portland, homeward bound, his course was a triumphal tour, he was literally carried along on the love and good-will of the American people. This was no lip courtesy—there was no lurking consideration of profit hereafter—the entertained and the entertainers met face to face, and the smiles of greeting and the grasp of the hands were bright and honest, and true as steel, for the impulse which prompted them sprang right up from the heart. It was a ratification of friendship and brotherly love between two of the greatest and freest people of the whole earth. It was a compact of peace for generations to come, a bond of unity, which, by the blessing of heaven, will last far into the future.

The true character of our people came out in bold relief, and our children's children will be proud of their ancestors when they read in the Pictorial History of the time, Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for 1860, how the American rebels received a savior of their royal tyrant; how the great heart of a great nation opened to the sympathies of blood relationship and heritage, and welcomed the son of their good friend Victoria, Queen of Old England.

Well, we thank you, old 1860, for what good you have done, and as a peace offering, we will dedicate to your memory the exquisite lines in which Tennyson has embalmed one of your respected predecessors.

The Death of the Old Year.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church bells sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He leath still, he doth not move,
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above,
He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see,
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his toes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I'm half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er,
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps, the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands before you die,
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone.

And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

Enterprise of the Park Commissioners.

It is rumored that the sagacious and enterprising Park Commissioners have made arrangements to import a "hard frost" from the polar region. It is expected to arrive some time in July, and will doubtless prove very refreshing at that sultry season. It will be, of course, several months too late, but it will be in time to kill the few remaining stumps of trees which still stand as monuments of the judgment and sagacity of the Central Park Commissioners.

Something New to Read.

One of the most beautiful books of the season, and one as interesting as it is beautiful, has just been issued by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia. It is entitled, *Plants of the Holy Land, with their Fruits and Flowers*, and is written by the Rev. Henry S. Osborn, of Belvidere, Warren Co., N. J. Dr. Osborn is the author of the well-known volume, "Palestine, Past and Present," and it was during its preparation that the work under notice was designed. It is not only a work of rare book learning, but it has the additional excellence of being the result of personal observation and experience. It comprises notices of every plant mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, together with its fruit and flowers. The plates illustrating the subjects are finely drawn and colored, and are very numerous.

It is a delightful book to read; it is charmingly written; it is got out in exquisite style, and is just such a book as we can most cordially recommend to our readers.

Great books for children! Books for boys and books for girls, and such beautiful books, too, from the teeming press of TICKNOR & FIELDS, of Boston. We can imagine how the Harrys and Charleys, and the Sidneys and the Valentines will devour, line by line, Mayne Reid's new book, *Brutus; or the Great Bear Hunt!* How pale they will grow as they read of the desperate encounters in which the chivalric courage of man overcomes the savage ferocity of the brute. We almost envy them the genuine excitement they will experience, and half wish that we could be a boy again for a few brief hours. The charming book, too, of Grace Greenwood, called, "Old Scotland," will have a powerful charm, both from the simple and beautiful writing, and the real life tales which are related in so fascinating a manner. Here they will read of the shepherd-poet, Burns; the hero-patriot, Wallace; the romantic mountain freebooter, Rob Roy; of Robert Bruce, of Mary Queen of Scots, Montrose, Sir Walter Scott, and of many other persons and things pleasant to know and delightful to read. The book is dedicated to Master Thomas B. Ticknor, and he must be very proud of so kind a compliment from one so celebrated and so good as the lamented Grace Greenwood.

If we had a dear little, bright-eyed girl, who would sit on our knee and twine her little white arms round our neck, lovingly, we could certainly, at this holiday time, bring her home that beautiful book which the good Mr. Ticknor-Fields has just published for such beloved pets as she would assuredly be. Its very name would make her eyes sparkle—just think, *The Seven Little Sisters who live on the Round Ball that Floats in the Air*; and then when she saw the pictures, we do believe she would be half wild with excitement. She would want to know all about the "Seven Little Sisters," who they were and what they were, and if they were like little sissey, the baby. We hardly know what we should do under the circumstances, but we rather think we should leave her alone with her book-treasure and go and kiss sissey, the baby.

We thought we had got through with Ticknor & Fields, but we find still another and another of their publications awaiting a line of recognition. We find that "Tom Brown" is out in another part at Oxford, or rather that another part of *Tom Brown at Oxford* is out. We noticed the issue of the first volume a week or two since in terms of the warmest commendation, which it deserves, and we take this occasion to say, that the interest increases with each monthly issue.

Among the republications of Ticknor & Fields—but before we mention the book, we wish to say one word in favor of a firm which remembers that there is honor even in business; our readers will excuse us if they detect a paradox somewhere. In all their republications, Ticknor & Fields reserve a certain liberal per-centage for the foreign author. They do not pirate, as too many of the publishers do, but they circulate the works, extend the reputation, and pay the alien author for the privilege. To be obliged to commend business honesty, as an exception, is not a pleasant duty, but we are satisfied that the least thoughtful of our vast reading community will feel a thrill of gratification at knowing that the author of the republished work in their hands is a recipient of some of the results of the republications. All honor, therefore, say we, to Ticknor & Fields.

Among their republications, paid for, is *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, by E. B. Ramsay, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.E. and Dean of Edinburgh. It is a work wonderfully popular in England, having reached its seventh edition in a very brief space of time. It is a Scotch book, purely and entirely Scotch, and valuable both from the character of the author and from the idiosyncratic characteristics of its contents. It depicts the religious, social and humorous points of Scottish life, and the author has brought a very varied and enlarged experience to the development of his design. We need hardly predict that this book will meet with a very large circle of readers. The Scottish character is everywhere respected for its truth, honesty, independence and perseverance, and for that loyalty of soul which no change of climate, place or circumstance can swerve or alter. The sympathy of every free and loyal people is, therefore, necessarily with them, and a book which deals fairly and freely with the leading characteristics of the Scottish people cannot fail to obtain a great popularity and a large circle of readers.

How Ladies can Learn to Skate before going on the Ice.

The rapidly increasing popularity of the invigorating, healthful and graceful exercise and amusement of skating among all classes of our people is, in a large measure, due to the introduction of Shaler's Parlor or Floor Skate, by Mr. O. M. VAIL, who has established a fine skating floor at 446 Broadway, under the City Assembly Rooms, where juveniles of both sexes and ladies receive instruction without charge in the preliminaries of skating. A few lessons on the roller-skate will enable any one to take to the ice with entire safety. The Parlor Skate may be worn at home, and thus insure firmness of tread and facility of movement. This exercise can be carried on at all seasons—on bare floors, on marble and oil cloth—nearly as easily and pleasantly as with steel skates on ice. This exercise will do more than anything else to restore health and bloom to the women of our country, and it will soon impart a reliance and promptitude of action with unequalled grace and freedom of attitude. Children should be taught, when young, to skate and swim, as both of these accomplishments are admirably adapted to develop healthfulness and grace, while imparting an untold amount of innocent enjoyment.

The cool bracing air and the delightful associations of winter that are the certain accompaniments of skating ought to supersede the close and badly ventilated ball-rooms, the late hours, ill-regulated habits of dress, and the dissipation that have hitherto so generally prevailed in the community. Hundreds of masters and misses have bought the Parlor Skates and made themselves quite proficient in the art of floor skating, and have thus laid the foundation for a new fund of outdoor exercise and amusement. We cannot render a more valuable service to parents and the rising generation than we do by calling attention to this subject, and urging them to learn to skate indoors and out of doors. The Parlor Skate consists of an iron plate, which rests on India rubber wheels, with metal hubs and axles, the whole being strong, serviceable and durable. Several imitations have been attempted, but with indifferent success. Mr. VAIL is the general agent for the genuine article. Give him a call.

Ladies, make your own Bread.

Wretched dyspeptics, there is a hope for you. Ye who have suffered from the tough, doughy, leaden, half-sodden substance honored by the name of bread, your sufferings shall cease, for modern science has produced an article which leaves no excuse for such abominations. This is the Concentrated Leaven, prepared at the Shawmut Chemical Works, Boston, and endorsed by the best and most reliable physicians and chemists as containing nothing deleterious, and skillfully compounded, so as to make failure impossible in an application of its qualities to domestic uses. Its great virtues are innocence, convenience and efficiency. Every experienced housekeeper knows the trials of having good materials wasted by inertia, a want of lightness and life, and the means which they are sometimes reluctantly compelled to use to procure this result. The Concentrated Leaven obviates all this difficulty, and is so convenient, so perfect in its operation, and assimilates so entirely with the elements in the flour with which it is brought in contact, as to produce sweeter bread and more delicious pies, puddings and cakes than can be obtained in any other way.

Husbands, be firm; sons, exercise your coaxing powers; and brothers, be bears, as usual; and the ladies, God bless them, will consent to use that "Concentrated Leaven," and thus make your meals a continued delight.

DRAMA.

NIBLO'S THEATRE.—Mr. Forrest commenced the fifteenth week of his engagement with "Richard III.," but on Wednesday substituted his great original rôle of Spartacus, in Dr. Bird's tragedy of the "Gladiator." On this occasion the house was crowded to its utmost capacity; chairs, tables, &c., being pressed promiscuously into the service of the audience, for in five minutes after the doors were opened all the ordinary seats were occupied. Mr. Forrest's performance of Spartacus, as ever, a bold, magnificent delineation. He carries with him the sympathies of the audience, from the moment he enters bound in chains until he falls down battling for freedom. The tragedy of the "Gladiator" lacks unity of design and interest of plot, but the language is at times highly poetical, and some of the situations remarkably fine, the arena scene for instance, being one of the most thrilling in the entire range of tragedy. The play is well placed upon the stage and carefully acted. It will probably be continued on the bills for some weeks.

WINTER GARDEN.—Mr. Joseph Jefferson is a man of fine abilities and great comic talent, but there is no use denying the fact, his name is not sufficiently a tower of strength to warrant his assumption of the rôle of "star." His "Rip Van Winkle," which is a very nice piece of character painting, drew houses from fair to middling, and this week he offers himself to the public as Newman Noggs, in the dramatic version of "Nicholas Nickleby." Whatever may be said to the contrary, we have always maintained that the holiday week was not favorable to public entertainments, therefore we predict that Mr. Jefferson will be able to draw more of his friends about him next week, than he has yet succeeded in doing. It is said that at the conclusion of this engagement Mr. Edwin Booth will again appear at this house.

LATRA KERN goes on her way rejoicing. Full houses and a full treasury are very comfortable things about Christmas times, and as pleasant concomitants to the closing year as could be desired. The "Seven Sisters" until further notice.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—After quite a successful career, the "Fast Men" yielded place on Monday to the romantic melodrama of "Pauline," a piece which met with a remarkable degree of success when first presented to the New York public some years since. Mrs. Hoey now sustains the rôle of Pauline, formerly acted by Miss Keene, and sustains it too with great effect, and Wallack Lester gives as thrilling a portrait of Horace Beauvais as ever; his last scene is thoroughly artistic.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The present week promises to eclipse all the past glories of Barnum, for in addition to his usual attractions he has secured five distinct specimens of the African race, namely, the Hottentot, the Zulu, the Kaffir, the Bushman and the Abolitionist. These are especially interesting at the present time, when the irrepressible nigger shares with Barnum the attention of the public. The grand spectacular drama of the "Sea of Ice" is also being performed now every afternoon. In a word, Barnum is himself again!

MR. FARMER, of Ludlow street, the well-known philanthropist, entertained two thousand poor persons on New Year's Day. After he had given them an excellent dinner, he sent them home rejoicing with large pieces of cake and packages of beans. Lemonade, hot and cold, with excellent cider, were the beverages supplied with the beef, &c.

THE GRAND STABLES OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AT THE LOUVRE.

The imperial stud consists of from three hundred to three hundred and twenty horses, divided into saddle, carriage and post services. These are distributed at the Louvre, the Tuilleries, Rue Montaigne, Rue de Monceaux and at St. Cloud. The active service is at the Louvre.

These buildings are in a long square, divided into two courts. The first is called the Court Caulaincourt, the second Visconti. The architectural decoration of these halls is, like that of the rest of building, magnificent. All is of bronze, steel, marble, oak and carving; every stall is of oak, the lamps and rails of bronze, the mangers of brown marble.

The supply of gas, of water and every convenience is marvellous. All that art and experience could contribute has been given to make these the first stables in the world, and a fit receptacle for the valuable animals which are kept in it.

The grand gallery of the stables presents a fine appearance. Seen from end to end, it gives a beautiful perspective. Eighty-two horses are here lodged in luxury, forty being *chevaux de Daimont*, or carriage horses, and forty for city use.

A part of the building is devoted to keeping harness, to harnessing, a forge, workshops, porter's lodge and sitting-room. In the Visconti Court are twelve demi-gala (half-state) carriages, and in the same court, on the other side, forty-two carriages and two sleighs.

It is needless to say that the carriages are extremely elegant, and that the most elaborate art has been exhausted in their design. The wedding-carriage of the Emperor is entirely gilt and overlaid with blazonry and carving of the most brilliant and exquisite description. It is, beyond all question, by far the most beautiful and gorgeous carriage ever made.

General Fleury superintends the entire department of the stables, as imperial equerry. As he has superintendences of three hundred horses, one hundred and eighty vehicles, and three hundred men, it will be seen that the post is one not without responsibilities. The inspector-general is Count Daure, a man of great information, a practical equerry, and every way qualified to maintain the high reputation of *les grandes couries*.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW ARMORY OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

On Friday evening, December 28th, the magnificent new armory, erected by the city for the Seventh Regiment, was inspected by the Common Council and the heads of the various official departments. Every part of the building was brilliantly lighted up, and the visitors, numbering six or seven hundred, examined each department in detail. A splendid collation was spread out in the battalion drill-room, which was thrown open to the company at nine o'clock. It presented a very animated and brilliant scene, and the good things provided were discussed with a unanimity quite remarkable in the present disturbed times.

The design of the building was furnished by Colonel Marshall Lefferts, whose unprofessional skill has shamed the works of many professed architects. It is elegant in design and admirable in proportions. It occupies the entire block between Sixth and Seventh streets, in the Bowery, being nearly opposite the Cooper Institute. It is built of iron, in the composite style, is three stories high, one hundred and eighty-six feet deep, and one hundred and twenty feet wide. The market below the armory is well arranged, well ventilated and commodious. It is, undoubtedly, one of the handsomest buildings in the city. The cost of its erection, exclusive of the interior fittings, was very nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

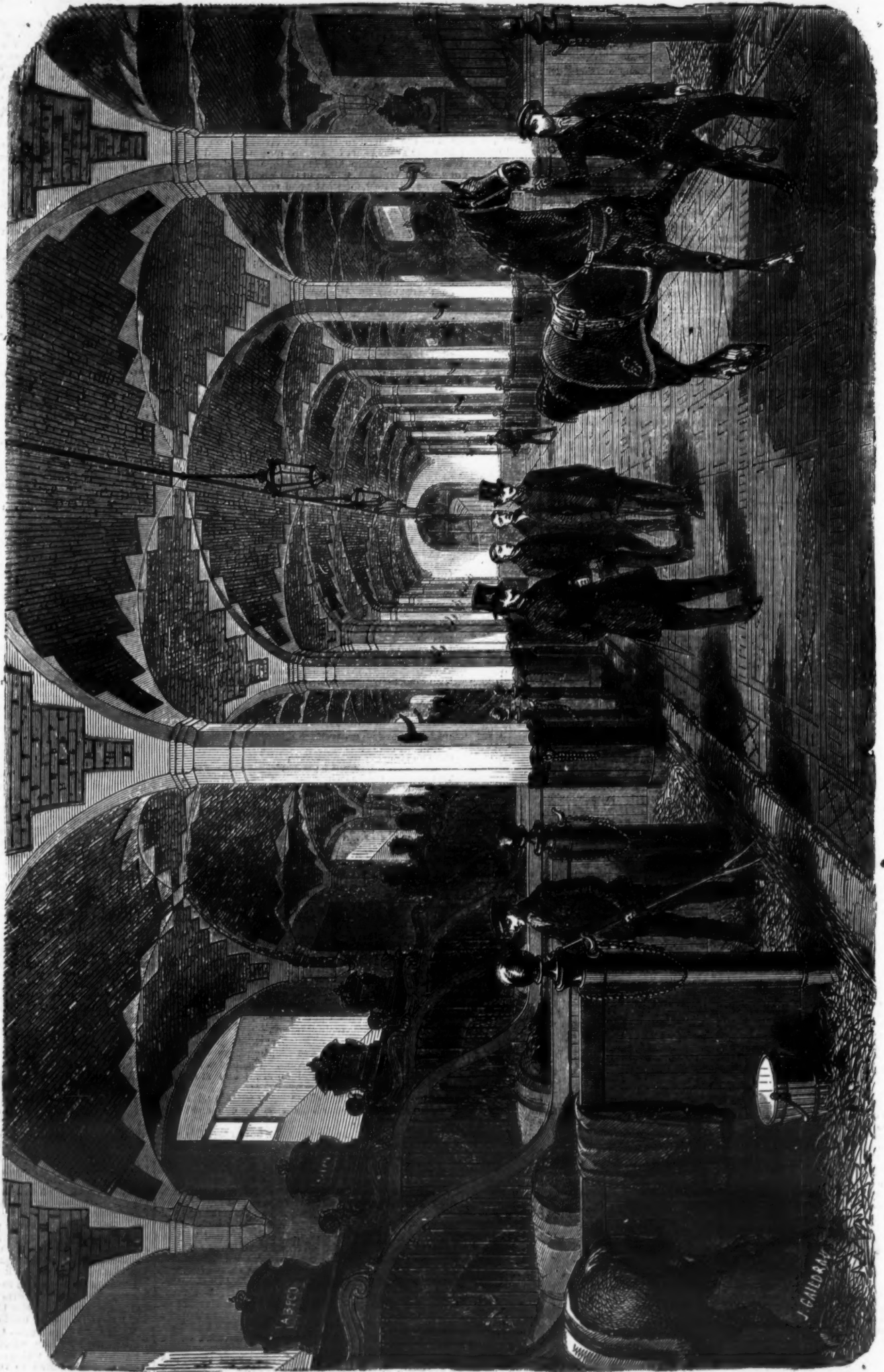
The Seventh Regiment is composed of eight companies, and each of these companies is accommodated with a separate armory. In the decoration of these rooms human ingenuity and taste have been ransacked to produce the greatest amount of refinement and elegance. We doubt if any similar establishment in the world can approach it in richness and beauty. The amount spent in fitting up the various departments has already exceeded thirty thousand dollars. We shall fully describe each department at the proper time.

The council-room is a splendid apartment, set apart for the use of the board of officers. Its dimensions are thirty-six feet deep by twenty-one wide. It is superbly furnished, and contains many objects of interest. Among them will be found a colossal and splendid portrait of George Washington, painted from life, by Rembrandt Peale. This room, when the board is not in session, is open to all the members of the regiment as a reception, reading or conversation room. This room and the non-commissioned staff and band armory are heated by one of Littlefield's celebrated base coal-burning stoves, which imparts a delightful warmth, and is at once the most economical and the most healthy heater ever manufactured. The Littlefield base coal burning stoves will probably be adopted through the whole building for the reasons of its economy, its vast heating power, and remarkable healthfulness.

The battalion drill-room, which we illustrate, is one of the finest rooms in the world. It occupies the entire third floor. It is accessible from the storey beneath by two wide stairways on the north and south end of the building. Its dimensions are one hundred and eighty feet long by one hundred and twenty feet wide, and contains twenty-one thousand six hundred square feet, or four thousand six hundred and four feet more than the new State Arsenal in Seventh avenue. It is lighted in the day time by numerous large windows on all sides of the building, and at night by a double row frame light, consisting of seven hundred burners. The burners are placed about seven inches apart, and each row controlled by separate stops. The effect of these lights is very fine, and shows off this immense room to

great advantage. The gas in the building is supplied through two metres, one supplying the second or armory floor and the other this drill-room. This room is ample in size for the manoeuvring of four companies at a time. It was thought by some, before the occupancy of the armory, that the floor of this room was insecure, but recently those suspicions were dissipated after the application of numerous infallible tests by Armorer Scott. The only other noticeable features of this room are the linen window-curtains, upon which are painted the coats of arms of the States of the Union, of the companies of the regiment, and those of the cities of Boston, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore and other cities which the regiment have visited.

analogy between the diamond and amber, independently of their like locality and carbonaceous nature, is in their polarizing structure. Both of these minerals contain within their substance small cells or cavities filled with air, the expansive force of which has communicated a polarizing structure to the parts in immediate contact with the air. It is believed that the peculiar paralyzing power around the cavities in amber and in the diamond must have been occasioned by the expansive force of the confined substance, compressing the sides of the cells, while the substance of the minerals was in a soft and yielding condition. A similar structure may be produced in a glass, or in gelatinous masses, by a compressing force propagated circularly from a point.



THE IMPERIAL STABLES OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

CAPTAIN STEPHEN COLE'S TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS, NEAR BIG BONE LICK, MISSOURI.

(From advance sheets of Huxell & Parker's Illustrated Historical Gazetteer of Missouri.)

The following interesting incident in the pioneer history of St. Charles county was related to us by Mr. James Cole, son of Captain Cole, now residing near Booneville, in Cooper county, and we give the facts substantially as related to us by him expressly for this volume.

In September, 1807, while Captain Cole's family lived at Loutre Island, a party of Indians, eight or ten in number, passed his cabin, returning from a trading-house, near the little river Aux Vaux, to their tribe, and encamped a short way beyond. He paid no attention to them, as Indians in those days were almost constant visitors to the settlers, and their appearance was no cause of alarm. The next day, an employe at the trading-house came down to inform those living at Loutre Island that a band of Indians had left their camp on the Aux Vaux, painted in war colors, and were on the war path, and that they were believed to be hostile, and would seek the whiteman's scalp and steal his horses. They at once went to the range and found that their horses had been stolen. Captain Cole immediately collected five of his neighbors together, and started in pursuit of the Indians about noon. The company consisted of Captain Stephen Cole, Marshall Brown, Nicholas Gooch, William Temple Cole, Abraham Patton and James Murdoch.

Opposite the mouth of the Gasconade River, on the Missouri Bottom, near a small lake, they discovered traces of the Indians, and found where they had made a halt, built a fire and arranged their packs, but had started again in the direction of Hancock's Prairie. Without delay they followed on speedily as possible, and the next day, towards evening, they came in sight of the Indians with the stolen animals.

They were all upon the open prairie, and the natives, observing their pursuers in the distance, put their horses to their utmost speed, followed by the whites. The chase continued for near ten miles, when the Indians, having the best horses, made their escape into the timber to evade further pursuit. Cole and his little party followed them wherever traces could be found, until, wearied and travel-worn, they halted for the night, and as the last blush of red sunlight faded from the sky, built their camp fire near Big Bone Lick, on the bank of a small stream in the border of the forest.

A meal was prepared from a deer killed by one of the party, and relished without either salt or bread. The camp-fire, built of large dry logs, blazed brightly among the tall forest trees, revealing a group of stalwart pioneers, with their saddles, blankets and arms placed carefully beside them; and while the pale moonbeams fell softly upon the broad prairies and dense woodland, and silvered each sparkling wavelet of the stream, they sat smoking their pipes and relating stories of their success in hunting and adventures on the frontiers until a late hour. Having examined the vicinity of the camp and found their horses quiet and secure, and replenished the fire with fuel, they

a heart-sickening sight. His wounded brother and Patton were attacked by the savages. Two Indians were tomahawking Temple Cole, while others were trying to scalp Patton. With the fury of an enraged tiger, Cole bounded to the rescue, and with his clubbed gun laid three painted demons stunned and bleeding upon the ground. His rifle was broken in the encounter, yet with the heavy barrel alone he made a fearful attack upon the



IMPERIAL SADDLE-ROOM—WEDDING COACH AND SLEIGHS.



COACH-HOUSE FOR THE "DEMI-GALA" CARRIAGES OF THE EMPEROR.

prepared for sleep. Captain Cole remarked that, notwithstanding their apparent safety from danger, he feared that Indians might be lurking about the camp, and it would be well to keep a guard on watch during the night, lest the horses they had brought with them might be stolen before morning. Murdoch remarked that he thought Captain Cole a man of more courage than he was afraid of Indians; and continued, with a fearful oath, "that he only wished one of the d--d redskins would show himself, for he wanted to make a pillow of his carcass until morning, and if the captain had no better pluck than that he would bid him good night," and drawing his blanket around him, Murdoch lay down beside the fire. Gooch thought "there was but little danger, as the Indians would be glad to seek rest, having run all day and knowing the white men were on their track."

After each one had expressed an opinion upon the matter, Captain Cole said "that he valued his life as little as any of them, but he thought the better part of valor is discretion," and having put fresh priming in his gun he lay down upon his blanket. William Temple Cole, evidently nettled at Murdoch's remarks, said, "he liked to see men be men, and show true courage, but what was the use of pluck and bravery without prudence? And for his part, he did not feel entirely safe under the circumstances."

Soon the whole party lay stretched around the fire, wrapped in their blankets, and all was silent about the camp. The midnight stillness was only broken by the howling of wolves in the distance, and the cries of the night-hawk mingled with the gentle autumn wind that sighed through the deep forest. Night's noon had passed, and the men were all asleep, save Captain Cole, whose watchful eye had not been closed in slumber, and who vainly tried to persuade himself that all was well. The young, half-grown moon had disappeared below the heavy foliage that rose against the sky toward the west, and the bright stars gleamed through the clustering branches of the trees in all their quiet, pensive beauty.

Hearing a slight noise, like the breaking of a bush, in the direction of the stream, Captain Cole raised his head and peered into the dark shadows along its course, but could discover no cause of alarm, and again lay down beside his sleeping comrades, with his head pillowed upon his saddle. Scarcely had a moment passed, and the embers thrown their quivering light upon the slumbering forms of those around the camp-fire, when another suppressed noise was heard near the horses, and at the same instant the report of eight Indian rifles rang out upon the still night air, and sent their messengers of death with fearful effect into the midst of the unconscious sleepers, and through the brains and bodies of their ill-fated victims, from the brush-wood beside the camp.

Brown and Gooch were shot through the head and died without a groan; William Temple Cole and Patton were severely wounded; Cole was shot through the body, the ball entering one hip and lodging in the other; Patton's wound was under the right arm, the bullet passing out above the left shoulder. Captain Cole was protected by the pommel of his saddle, which was shattered by the ball aimed at his person. Murdoch was unhurt, and found a place of concealment during the attack in the top of a fallen tree, a few rods distant, while Captain Cole sprang for protection to the body of a large oak beside the camp.

The Indians, immediately after the discharge of their rifles, rushed upon the almost defenceless party with their scalping-knives and tomahawks, throwing their empty guns down. In a moment the smoke cleared away sufficiently to disclose to Captain Cole

Indians who were butchering Patton, and while the murderous tomahawk, reeking with hot blood, was raised above the wounded man, a blow from the powerful arm of Cole sunk the naked barrel of his rifle crashing through the skull of the savage, who fell upon his face in the fire, and with a wild piercing cry clutched the burning coals convulsively with his bloody hands in dying agony. With hideous yells and all the ferocity of their savage nature, the

Indians now made an attack upon Captain Cole, and a terrible hand to hand strife, a battle for life and death ensued.

The first wound Captain Cole received was a gash in the head from a tomahawk, which would doubtless have proved fatal but for the protection of his heavy hat, and in return for which a stroke from the heavy rifle-barrel laid the savage powerless upon the sword. The next wound was from a knife that struck and shattered a rib, which once more protected him from fatal injury. Again the shining blade flashed above his head, but with a desperate effort he grasped the Indian's arm and wrenched the weapon from his hand, and quickly plunged it deep into the heart of his savage foe. During the struggle, a couple of half-naked wretches were stabbing at his back with their scalping-knives, while a grim-looking brave was trying to grasp his arm and get possession of the knife, but the quick eye of Cole detecting the movement, he struck backward, and buried the keen weapon to its hilt in the breast of the Indian, who sank to the earth, and, with an agonizing cry, expired. So desperate was the encounter up to this time, that Cole was unable to get his own knife from his belt, but now, for an instant, he was disengaged, and as he reached for the weapon, the long knife of an Indian severed the belt and inflicted another fearful wound. Maddened by pain and guided alone by the impulse of his prowess, Cole grasped the rough girdle that encircled the almost naked Indian's waist, and with a shout of desperation, while his eye flashed a wild unnatural light, he lifted the smooth-skinned savage from the earth and threw him, full-length, upon the bed of coals that glowed, with red and lurid light, lending a more fearful aspect to the scene of blood and death, and amid the shrieks and yells of the savages as the hissing coals sunk deep into his crisp flesh, he bore him down with the fury of a fiend in fabled Pandemonium. Struck with consternation at the fate of their companions, the Indians sent up one long and hideous howl of despair, and, snatching up their writhing tribesman from his burning death, escaped into the dark shadows of the forest.

Exhausted from loss of blood and covered with wounds received in the dreadful conflict, Captain Cole sank down beside the bodies of his dead comrades; but in a little while, partially regaining his strength, he took a loaded rifle that lay near one of the dead, made his way to the stream, and wading into it, immersed his wounds beneath its dark waters to stay the hemorrhage.

Two hours had passed, when Cole, having left the stream, sat in gloomy silence beside a large tree, awaiting the return of day that he might discover the fate of his wounded brother and Patton, who were observed to creep away during the fight. While thus watching he was aroused by a noise near the camp, and looking up saw the dusky forms of two Indians emerging from the forest and stealthily advancing towards the place where the dead bodies lay. In an instant the long barrel of Cole's rifle was levelled upon the foremost of the two, but the click of the lock reached the Indian's ear, and in alarm they again disappeared in the darkness. Captain Cole attempted to follow in the course his brother was last seen, as he crept away dragging his disabled limbs after him; but having passed the camp, grew faint and laid down beneath a leaning oak, where he remained but a moment when he was startled by the report of a rifle, followed by a dull heavy sound like the blow of a tomahawk on a human skull. Cole again rallied, and but too truly surmised the fate of his helpless brother Temple. To follow the Indians would have been madness, and turning his every thought upon the best means of curing his own safety, quietly sank down again beneath the spreading branches of the leaning tree, where, overcome by weakness and intense excitement, he fell into a restless, feverish sleep, only to realize again in frightful dreams the terrors of the night.

Dawn came at last, and with it rosy sunbeams which streamed gladly through the heavy masses of rich foliage that hung motionless above the tragic spot, now consecrated in the memory of many hearts by the life blood of brave and daring men. The cheerful sunlight fell warm and soothingly upon the upturned face of the wounded man, and when he awoke all was silent as the grave around him, not a leaf was stirred, and a solemn deathlike stillness, unbroken by breeze or bird, brooded over the scene of blood and death.

Summoning all his strength, Cole started for an elevation covered with scrubby oaks that rose in full view on the prairie, a little way beyond the limits of the forest, which he gained, and for a moment gave up all hopes of ever again returning to Loutre Island. An hour had scarcely gone by, when from his retreat he saw four Indians approach and pass within rifle-shot of the hill.



CAPTAIN COLE'S TERRIBLE FIGHT—"Cole bounded to the rescue, and with his clubbed gun laid three painted demons stunned and bleeding upon the ground."

one of whom was riding his horse, the one on which he had pursued them the day before. A slight flush mantled his cheek as he shaded his bloody brow with his hand and recognized in the rider Wabau-see, or the "Dawn of Day," a chief of the Pawtawatties, the leader of the band that had attacked the camp, and a fearful enemy to the settlers. Having rested for an hour longer, and partially regained his strength, Captain Cole determined to start for Loure Island, and carefully noting the direction and taking his bearings set out. His course lay through unbroken prairie and dense forests alternately, and after having endured hardships almost beyond conception, and but half clad, he arrived at Peter Massie's, at Loure Lake, near nightfall of the third day, having travelled sixty miles on foot without food. A messenger was at once dispatched to Cole's family, with the intelligence of his return and the fate of his companions.

The news of the sad event spread like wildfire, and at an early hour the next day a score of hardy backwoodsmen had collected at Massie's, armed with rifles and their belts bristling with knives, determined upon revenge for the death of their countrymen.

Meanwhile nothing had been heard either of Patton, Temple Cole, or Murdoch, and a faint hope was entertained that they all might be living, but unable to reach home, as Captain Cole saw Patton partially regain his feet as he staggered into the brushwood during the fight; and as nothing was seen of Murdoch after the first fire from the Indians, he, too, might have escaped under the cover of darkness.

The greatest excitement now prevailed throughout the settlement, and every man able to carry a rifle was eager to pursue the savages and avenge the death of those who fell by their hands; but here was a dilemma—no one knew the trail, or even the place where the camp had been made.

After having his wounds dressed, Cole, with his characteristic energy and unyielding determination, decided to accompany those who went out in search of the missing men, and accordingly prepared for the journey. The first evening the party reached a place three miles distant, on Loure Creek, where they encamped for the night; and while they were there Murdoch returned to Brown's, the father of Marshall Brown who was murdered. He related the bloody incident as he witnessed it from the place of his concealment in the fallen tree, and spoke of the intrepidity of Cole, and of the feeling of terror that seized him when by the dim light he saw the death struggle and heard the piercing yells of the savages echo through the darkness of the forest. He remained in his covert until the morning of the second day, fearing to venture out lest he might share the same sad fate of his associates. Murdoch was an Irishman, and lived among the settlers at Loure Island. Again on the road, Herbert Cole and James Cole supported the captain upon his horse whenever weak and faint spells would overtake him, and thus one of the most painful of journeys was accomplished.

In three days after leaving home, piloted by Captain Cole, they reached the fatal camp, where a soul-sickening sight awaited them—a picture never to be forgotten—an outline engraved upon the memory that neither years nor time's changes could erase. The bodies of six men, two whites and four Indians, lay beside the cold ashes of the camp fire, half eaten by the wild beasts and ravens. The party brought no spices, and with their knives and hatchets dug graves for the dead. Brown and Gooch were laid side by side in their narrow resting-place, and search was made for Temple Cole and Patton. The latter was found a little way from the camp, in an opposite direction from home, lying upon his back, with all the buttons cut off his coat and laid upon his breast, and a hunting-knife by his side. The remains were interred with those of Brown and Gooch. In the direction that Cole heard the rifle-shot and the blows of a tomahawk, the body of Temple Cole was found horribly mutilated, with three deep gashes in the skull and his face eaten away by the wolves. He was buried where he was found, as was generally the custom in those early times on the frontier.

The coffinless bodies of the dead were all laid in their rude graves to sleep their last, unbroken dreamless sleep of death, save those of the Indians, which were left for wolves and loathsome birds to satiate their craven appetites upon! and while the setting sun tinged with gold and purple light the broad prairies, and lent a new charm to the rich drapery that clothed the deep woodlands, the little party left their brave companions to slumber in their graves in the wilderness, and halted for the night beside a clear, gushing spring, surrounded by tall cedars, elms and deep tangled copse-wood. No sound of mirth or merriment was heard around that bright camp-fire, no stories of the chase were told, but with sad hearts and sorrow written on each sun-browned face, they ate their meal in silence.

After putting guards out for the night they laid down upon their blankets and unconsciously yielded up to sleep, and as the night-wind sighed in dirge-like tones above them, and scattered the yellow autumn leaves upon the scared grass, dreamed of the lonely graves of their brave companions, or perchance of the happy fireside of home.

Thus closed a scene of real life, which in thrilling interest is unsurpassed by the strange tales of fiction and dreamy romance of the present day.

THE WIDOW MINARDS' FIRST LOVE.

The fire cracked cheerfully on the broad hearth of an old-fashioned fire-place in an old-fashioned public-house, in an old-fashioned village, down in Cornwall. A cat and three kittens basked in the warmth, and a decrepit yellow dog, lying full in the reflection of the blaze, wrinkled his black nose approvingly, as he turned his hind feet where his fore feet had been. Over the chimney hung several fine hams and pieces of dried beef. Apples were festooned along the ceiling, and other signs of plenty and good cheer were scattered profusely about. There were plants, too, on the window ledges, horse-shoe geraniums and dew plants, and a monthly rose just budding, to say nothing of pots of violets that perfumed the whole place whenever they took it into their purple heads to bloom. The floor was carefully swept, the chairs had not a speck of dust upon leg or round, the long settle near the fire-place shone as if it had been just varnished, and the eight day clock in the corner had had its white face newly washed, and seemed determined to tick the louder for it. Two arm-chairs were drawn up at a cozy distance from the hearth and each other, a candle, a newspaper, a pair of spectacles, a dish of red-checked apples, and a pitcher of cold milk lay on a little table between them. In one of these chairs sat a comfortable-looking woman, about forty-five, with cheeks as red as the apples, and eyes as dark and bright as they had ever been, resting her elbow on the table, and her head upon her hand, and looking thoughtfully into the fire. This was the Widow Minards, "relict" of Mr. Levi Minards, who had been mauling into dust in the neighboring churchyard for more than seven years. She was thinking of her dead husband, possibly because all her work being done, and the servant gone to bed, the sight of his empty chair at the other side of the table, and the silence of the room, made her a little lonely.

"Seven years," so the widow's reverie ran; "it seems as if it was more than fifty, and yet I don't look so very old neither. Perhaps it's not having any children to bother my life out, as other people have. They may say what they like, children are more plague than profit, that's my opinion. Look at my sister Jerusha, with her six boys. She's worn to a shadow, and I'm sure they have done it, though she never will own it."

The widow took an apple from the dish and began to peel it.

"How fond Mr. Minards used to be of these apples. He never will eat any more of them, poor fellow, for I don't suppose they have apples where he has gone to. Neigh! I remember very well how I used to throw apple peel over my head when I was a girl to see who I was going to marry."

Mrs. Minards stopped short and blushed, for in those days she did not know Mr. M., and was always looking eagerly to see if the peel had formed a capital "S."

"How handsome Sam Payson was, and how much I used to care about him. I wonder what has become of him. Jerusha says he went away from our village just after I did, and no one has ever heard of him since. And what a silly thing that quarrel was! If it had not been for that—"

Here came a long pause, during which the widow looked very steadfastly at the empty arm-chair of Levi Minards, deceased. Her fingers played carelessly with the apple-peel, she drew it safely towards her and looked around the room.

"Upon my word it is very ridiculous, and I don't know what the neighbors would say if they saw me."

Still the plump fingers drew the red peel nearer.

"But then they can't see me, that's a comfort, and the cat and old Bowse never will know what it means. Of course I don't believe anything about it."

The peel hung gracefully from her hand.

"But still, I should like to try; it would seem like old times, and—"

Over her head it went, and curled up quietly on the floor at a little distance. Old Bowse, who always slept with one eye open, saw it fall, and marched deliberately up to smell it.

"Bowse, Bowse, don't touch!" cried his mistress, and bending over it with a beating heart, she turned as red as fire. There was as handsome a capital "S" as any one could wish to see.

A great knock came suddenly at the door. Bowse growled, and the widow screamed, and snatched up the apple-peel.

"It's Mr. M.—it's his spirit come back again because I tried that silly trick," she thought fearfully to herself.

Another knock, louder than the first, and a man's voice exclaimed:

"Who is it?"

"Who is it?" asked the widow, somewhat relieved to find that the departed Levi was still safe in his grave upon the hill-side.

"A stranger," said the voice.

"What do you want?"

"To get a lodging here for the night."

The widow deliberated.

"Can't you go on? There's a house half a mile further, if you keep to the right-hand side of the road, and turn to the left after you get by—"

"It's raining cats and dogs, and I'm very delicate," said the stranger, coughing. "I'm wet to the skin; don't you think you can accommodate me? I don't mind sleeping on the floor."

"Raining, is it? I didn't know that," and the kind-hearted little woman unbarred the door very quickly. "Come in, whoever you may be; I only asked you to go on because I am a lone woman, with only one servant in the house."

The stranger entered, shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog upon the step, and scattering a little shower of drops over his hostess and her nicely swept floor.

"Ah, that looks comfortable after a man has been out for hours in a storm," he said as he caught sight of the fire, and striking along towards the hearth, followed by Bowse, who sniffed suspiciously at his heels, he stationed himself in the arm-chair—Mr. Minard's arm-chair! which had been kept "sacred to his memory" for seven years. The widow was horrified, but her guest looked

so weary and worn-out that she could not ask him to move, but busied herself in stripping up the blaze, that he might the sooner dry his dripping clothes. A new thought struck her. Mr. M. had worn a comfortable dressing-gown during his illness, which still hung in the closet at her right. She could not let this poor man catch his death by sitting in that wet coat; if he was in Mr. Minard's chair why should he not be in Mr. M.'s wrapper? She went nimbly to the closet, took it down, fished out a pair of slippers from a boot-rack below, and brought them to him.

"I think you had better take off your coat and boots; you will have the rheumatic fever, or something like it, if you don't. Here are some things for you to wear while they are drying. And you must be hungry too; I will go into the pantry and get you something to eat."

She bustled away, "on hospitable thoughts intent," and the stranger made the exchange with a quizzical smile playing around his lips. He was a tall, well-formed man, with a bold but handsome face, sun-burned and heavily bearded, and looking anything but "delicate," though his blue eyes glanced out from under a forehead as white as snow. He looked around the kitchen with a mischievous air, and stretched out his feet before him, decorated with the defunct Boniface's slippers.

"Upon my word, this is stepping into the old man's shoes with a vengeance! And what a hearty, good-humored looking woman she is! Kind as a kitten," and he leaned forward and stroked the cat and her brood, and then patted old Bowse upon the head. The widow bringing in sundry good things, looked pleased at his attention to her dumb friends.

"It's a wonder Bowse does not growl; he generally does if strangers touch him. Dear me, how stupid!"

The last remark was neither addressed to the stranger nor to the dog, but to herself. She had forgotten that the little stand was not empty, and there was no room on it for the things she held.

"Oh, I'll manage it," said her guest, gathering up paper, candles, apples, and spectacles (it was not without a little pang that she saw them in his hand, for they had been the landlord's, and were placed each night, like the arm-chair, beside her), and depositing them on the settle.

"Give me the table-cloth, ma'am; I can spread it as well as any woman; I've learned that, along with scores of other things, in my wanderings. Now let me relieve you of those dishes, they are far too heavy for those hands;" the widow blushed; "and now please to sit down with me, or I cannot eat a morsel."

"I had supper long ago; but really I think I can take something more," said Mrs. Minards, drawing her chair nearer to the table.

"Of course you can, my dear lady; in this cold autumn weather people ought to eat twice as much as they do in warm. Let me give you a piece of this ham, your own curing, I dare say."

"Yes; my poor husband was very fond of it. He used to say that no one understood curing ham and drying beef better than I."

"He was a most sensible man, I am sure. I drink your health, ma'am, in this cider."

He took a long draught, and set down his glass.

"It is like nectar."

The widow was feeding Bowse and the cat (who thought they were entitled to a share of every meal eaten in the house), and did not quite hear what he said. I fancy she would hardly have known what "nectar" was—so it was quite as well.

"Fine dog, ma'am, and a very pretty cat."

"They were my husband's favorites," and a sigh followed the answer.

"Ah, your husband must have been a very happy man."

The blue eyes looked at her so long, that she grew flurried.

"Is there anything more I can get for you, sir?" she asked, at last.

"Nothing, thank you, I have finished."

She rose to clear the things away. He assisted her, and somehow their hands had a queer knack of touching as they carried the dishes to the pantry shelves. Coming back to the kitchen, she put the apples and cider in their old places, and brought out a clean pipe and a box of tobacco upon an arched tray to the chimney.

"My husband always said he could not sleep after eating supper late unless he smoked," she said. "Perhaps you would like to try it."

"Not if it is to drive you away," he answered, for she had her candle in her hand.

"Oh, no; I do not object to smoke at all." She put the candle down, some faint suggestion about "propriety" troubled her, but she glanced at the old clock, and felt reassured. It was only half-past nine.

The stranger pushed the stand back after the pipe was lit, and drew her easy chair a little nearer the fire, and his own.

"Come, sit down," he said, pleasantly; "it's not late, and when a man has been knocking about in California and all sorts of places, for a score of years, he is glad enough to get into a berth like this, and to have a pretty woman to speak to once again."

"California! Have you been in California?" she exclaimed, dropping into the chair at once. Unconsciously she had long cherished the idea that Sam Payson, the lover of her youth, with whom she had so foolishly quarrelled, had picked his tent, after many wanderings, in that far-off land. Her heart warmed to one who, with something of Sam's look and ways about him, had also been sojourning in that country, and who very possibly had met him—perhaps had known him intimately! At that thought her heart beat quick, and she looked very graciously at the bearded stranger, who, wrapped in Mr. Minards' dressing-gown, wearing Mr. Minards' slippers, and sitting in Mr. Minards' chair, beside Mr. Minards' wife, smoked Mr. Minards' pipe with such an air of feeling most thoroughly and comfortably at home.

"Yes, ma'am, I've been in California for the last six years. And before that I went to strike round the world in a whaling ship!"

"Good gracious!"

The stranger sent a puff of smoke curling gracefully over his head.

"It's very strange, my dear lady, how often you see one thing as you go wandering about the world after that fashion."

"And what is that?"

"Men, without houses or home above their heads, roving here and there, and turning up in all sorts of odd places; caring very little for life as a general thing, and making fortunes just to fling them away again, and all for one reason. You don't ask me what that is? No doubt you know already very well."

"I think not, sir."

"Because a woman has flitted them?"

Here was a long pause, and Mr. Minards' pipe emitted short puffs with surprising rapidity. A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and the widow's cheek was dyed with blushes as she thought of the absent Sam.

"I wonder how women manage when they get served in the same way?" said the stranger, musingly; "you never meet them roaming up and down in that style."

"No," said Mrs. Minards, with some spirit; "if a woman is in trouble she must stay at home and bear it the best way she can. And there's more women bearing such things than we know of, I dare say."

"Like enough. We never know whose hand gets pinched in a trap unless they scream. And women are too shy or too sensible—which you choose—for that."

"Did you ever, in all your wanderings, meet any one by the name of Samuel Payson?" asked the widow, unconcernedly. The stranger looked towards her, she was rummaging the table-drawer for her knitting work, and did not notice him. When it was found, and the needles in motion, he answered her.

"Payson—Sam Payson? Why, he was my most intimate friend! Do you know him?"

"A little—that is, I used to, when I was a girl. Where did you meet him?"

"He went with me on the whaling voyage I told you of, and afterwards to California. We had a tent together, and some other fellows with us, and we dug in the same claim for more than six months."

"I suppose he was quite well?"

"Strong as an ox."

"And—and happy?" pursued the widow, bending closer over her knitting.

"Hum—the less said about that the better, perhaps. But he seemed to enjoy life after a fashion of his own. And he got rich out there, or rather, I will say, well off."

Mrs. Minards did not pay much attention to that part of the story. Evidently she had not finished asking questions, but she was puzzled about her next one. At last she brought it out beautifully.

"Was his wife with him in California?"

The stranger looked at her with twinkling eyes.

"His wife, ma'am! Why, bless you, he has not got one."

"Oh, I thought—I mean I heard"—here the little widow remembered the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, and stopped short before she told such a tremendous fib.

"Whatever you heard of his marrying was all nonsense, I can assure you. I knew him well, and he had no thoughts of the kind about him. Some of the boys used to tease him about it, but he soon made them stop."

"How?"

"He just told them frankly that the only woman he ever loved had flitted him years before, and married another man. After that no one ever mentioned the subject to him again, except me."

Mrs. Minards laid her knitting aside, and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"He was another specimen of the class of men I was speaking of. I have seen him face death a score of times as quietly as I face the fire. It matters very little what takes me off," he used to say; "I've nothing to live for, and there's no one that will shed a tear for me when I'm gone." It's a sad thought for a man to have, isn't it?"

Mrs. Minards sighed as she said she thought it was.

"But did he ever tell you the name of the woman who flitted him?"

"I know her first name."

"What was it?"

"Maria."

The plump little widow almost started out of her chair, the name was spoken so exactly as Sam would have said it.

"Did you know her too?" he asked, looking keenly at her.

"Yes."

"Intimately?"

"Yes."

"And where is she now? Still happy with her husband, I suppose, and never giving a thought to the poor fellow she drove out into the world?"

"No," said Mrs. Minards, shading her face with her hand, and speaking unsteadily; "no, her husband is dead."

"Ah! but still she never thinks of Sam."

There was a dead silence.

"Does she?"

"How can I tell?"

"Are you still friends?"

"Yes."

"Then you ought to know, and you do. Tell me," you must promise me, on your honor, never to tell him, if you ever meet him again."

"Madam, what you say to me never shall be repeated to any mortal man, upon my honor."

"Well, she does remember him."

"But how?"

"As kindly, I think, as he could wish."

"I am glad to hear it for his sake. You and I are the friends of both parties; we can rejoice with each other."

He drew his chair much nearer hers, and took her hand. One moment the widow resisted; but it was a magnetic touch, the rosy palm lay quietly in his, and the dark beard bent so low that it nearly touched her shoulder. It did not matter much. Was he not Samuel's dear friend; if he was not the rose, had he not dwelt very near it, for a long, long time?"

"It was a foolish quarrel that parted them," said the stranger, softly.

"Did he tell you about it?"

"Yes, on board the whaler."

"Did he blame her much?"

"Not so much as himself. He said that his jealousy and ill-temper drove her to break off the match; but he thought sometimes if he had only gone back and spoken kindly to her, she would have married him after all."

"I am sure she would," said the widow, piteously. "She has owned it to me more than a thousand times."

"She was not happy then, with another?"

"Mr.—that is to say, her husband—was very good and kind," said the little woman, thinking of the lonely grave out on the hill-side rather penitently, "and they lived very pleasantly together. There never was a harsh word between them."

"Still, might she not have been happier with Sam? Be honest, now, and say just what you think."

"Yes."

"Bravo! that is what I wanted to come at. And now I have a secret to tell you, and you must break it to her."

Mrs. Minards looked rather scared.

"What is it?"

"I want you to go and see her, wherever she may be, and say to her, 'Maria!—what makes you start so?'"

"Nothing; only you speak so like some one I used to know, once in a while."

"Do! Well, take the rest of the message. Tell her that Sam loved her through the whole; that when he heard she was free, he began to work hard at making a fortune. He has got it, and he is coming to share it with her, if she will let him. Will you tell her this?"

The widow did not answer. She had freed her hand from his, and covered her face with it. By-and-bye she looked up again, he was waiting patiently.

"Well?"

"I will tell her."

He rose from his seat and walked up and down the room. Then he came back, and leaning on the mantelpiece, stroked the yellow hide of Bowse with his slipper.

"Make her quite understand that he wants her for his wife. She may live where she likes, and how she likes, only it must be with him."

"I will tell her."

"Say he has grown old, but not cold; that he loves her now perhaps better than he did twenty years ago; that he has been faithful to her all through his life, and that he will be faithful till he dies—"

The Californian broke off suddenly. The widow answered still—"I will tell her."

"And what do you think she will say?" he asked, in an altered tone.

"What can she say but—come!"

"Hurrah!"

The stranger caught her out of her chair as if she had been a child, and kissed her.

"Don't—oh, don't!" she cried out. "I am Sam's Maria!"

"Well—I am Maria's Sam!"

Off went the dark wig and the black whiskers—there smiled the dear face she had never forgotten. I leave you to imagine the tableau; even the cat got up to look, and Bowse sat on its stump of a tail, and wondered if he was on his heels or his head. The widow gave one little scream, and then she—

But, stop! Quiet people like you and me, dear reader, who have got over all these follies, and can do nothing but turn up our noses at them, have no business here. I will only add that two hearts were very happy, that Bowse concluded after awhile that all was right, and so laid down to sleep again, and that one week afterwards there was a wedding at the house that made the neighbors stare. The widow had married her First Love!

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It seems a cruel thing to stop an elopement; but ever since Brabantio cheated out of his fair daughter, Desdemona, by a colored "gemman," Othello, fathers have opposed rope ladders and fly away by night. A baffled but still ultimately successful attempt at an elopement happened last week in Jersey City. A Miss Josephine Wolf, of Grand street, Jersey City, fell in love with a Southern gentleman, who naturally enough persuaded his Josephine "to elope" from her father's house. The mother approved the lovers' plan, and the flight was accomplished during the father's absence; unhappily he met them on board the ferry-boat, and had them stopped. The lady went back to her home; her lover went after her, an explanation ensued, and they were finally made happy. The moral is plain, that daughters should never elope without getting the father's as well as the mother's consent.

The Trustees of the German Free School in Fourth street have inaugurated a most valuable idea, the establishment of a polytechnic school for the instruction of apprentices in various trades. This movement ought to be extensively followed out.

MR. CLARK A. HUMPHREY, a boarder at the International Hotel, was passing down Broadway at two o'clock on the morning of the 28th ult., when he was attacked by two young men at the corner of White street, knocked down, and beaten and kicked until he was insensible, and then robbed of twenty-seven dollars. The rascals then fled, but officer Hazet, of the Sixth Ward, pursued them, and succeeded in arresting one. The prisoner, who is but sixteen years of age, gave his name as William Mallory, and was locked up by Justice Welsh for trial. His confederate got into Church street, and succeeded in effecting his escape. Our Republican police should forget Southern matters, and attend to the city.

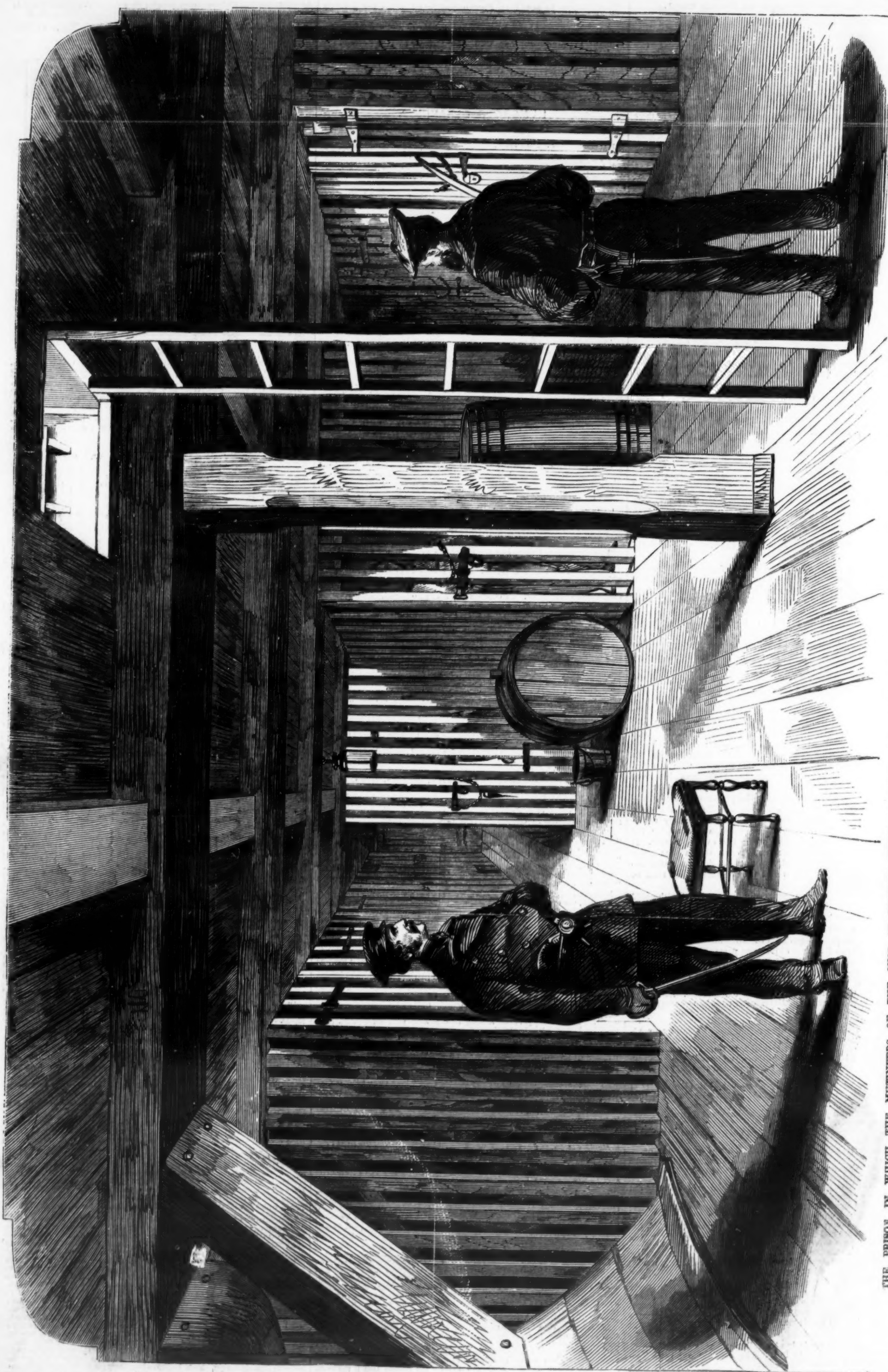
The same night two sailors were assaulted at the corner of Tenth avenue and Thirty-ninth street, and one was so dangerously beaten that he died. The man who perpetrated the murder has been arrested. As an instance of the neglect of the police in this district, it is said that the wounded man laid there for three hours before they were discovered.

The man who was found murdered, last week, at Calvary Cemetery, is not the German pedlar, as stated at the time, since that person has come forward. No close to the deceased has yet been discovered.

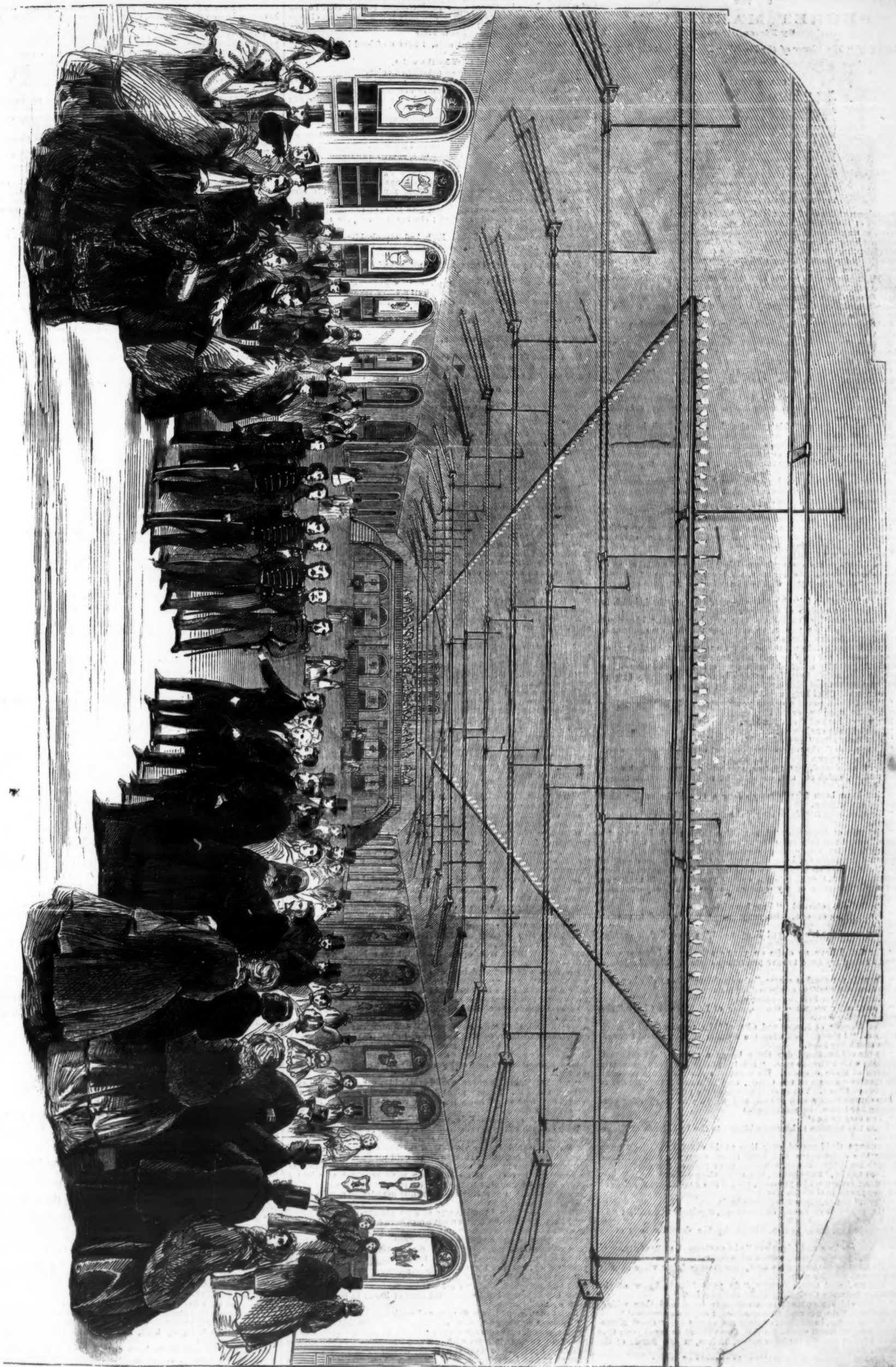
The citizens of the thriving little city of Hoboken are puzzled to find a Mayor to succeed Johnson. There is a strong party who are urging Dr. Elder to accept the nomination. The Germanic interest, however, is so strong that it is probable a Teutonic gentleman may be selected for that office. The salary is \$250 per annum, and no stealings or fat jobs as in New York. The temptation, therefore, is not great; the honor being the chief inducement. Rather a poor substitute for dollars.

SOME weeks ago a gang of burglars broke into Mr. Strickler's, the sexton's, house, of a Methodist Church, Philadelphia, and finding Mr. and Mrs. Strickler in bed, they tore the sheets into strips, and bound them to the bed. They then stole all they could lay their hands on in the house, and broke into the church, hoping to find some money, but were obliged to content themselves with the minister's robes. Four were arrested in Philadelphia, and the fifth, who escaped to New York

improbable that he may be compelled to hand over his crown to his son, a child of two years old, and transfer the management of affairs to a regency.



THE PRISON IN WHICH THE MUTINEERS OF THE SHIP STAGHOUND WERE CONFINED ON BOARD THE SHIP HUSSAR, DURING THEIR PASSAGE FROM SINGAPORE TO NEW YORK. — SEE PAGE 113.



THE COMMON COUNCIL OF NEW YORK GIVING TO THE SEVENTH REGIMENT THE POSSESSION OF THE NEW DRILL-ROOM OVER TOMKINS' MARKET.—See Page 116.

ERLE GOWER: OR, THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Now, at the time, and in the appointed place, The challenger and challenged, face to face, Approach; each other from afar they knew, And from afar their hatred changed their hue. So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear, Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear, And hears him rustling in the woods, and sees His course at distance by the bending trees, And thinks here comes my mortal enemy, And either he must fall in fight or I: This while he thinks he lifts aloft his dart, A generous chillness seizes every part, The veins pour back the blood and fortify the heart Thus pale they meet.—Dryden.

THE solemn stillness of the night, unbroken save by the mournful rustling of the skeleton branches as the bleak, wintry wind forced its slow way through the complicated reticulation of twigs and tapering boughs, the grim loneliness, and the black solitude of the forest depths, the sepulchral ghastliness of the untenanted glades, suited only too harmoniously with the deep melancholy which hung over his brow like a heavy crown of dismal cypress.

Even had he not the motive and the wish to meet Philip Avon in mortal combat, he would have preferred to wander thus in the silent night than to have tossed restlessly and miserably upon a sleepless couch beneath the roof he had just quitted with the expectation of returning to it never more.

Unheeding whither his dull feet bore him, he wandered on, impatient only, when not thinking of Lady Maud, for the coming dawn.

He paused abruptly on the bank of the small stream, here and there silvered by moonbeams, which ran murmuring and gurgling a low, soft chant as it pursued its sinuous way through the wood.

Paused, because, at a short distance from him, he beheld, with amazement, the figure of a female seated in an attitude of deep despondency.

She sat motionless as a statue, and in the partial obscurity of the night seemed more like an apparition than a living, breathing creature.

Erle had already, since his arrival at Kingswood Hall, been sufficiently surrounded by the mysterious to shake his disbelief of the supernatural, but neither his courage nor his spirit of inquiry into the truth of the existence of things immaterial were so affected as to make him shrink from so remarkable a vision as now presented itself to him.

At first he imagined that his eyes were deluded by some fantastic, wreathing vapor, but a few paces taken softly and noiselessly and he found himself undeceived.

He recognised in the immovable, but evidently sadly despairing being, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase.

His movement betrayed his presence to her. She rose up with a sudden cry of joy, and advanced with a hurried step to him, exclaiming, in a tone of exulting pleasure,

"Cyril! oh, my Cyril!"

As suddenly as she sprang forward she halted, and a faint moan of disappointment escaped her lips, for she perceived that the sole possessor of her thoughts was not he who had intruded upon her solitude.

With a hesitating, faltering step she would have retired, but Erle stayed her by a gesture of his hand.

"Fear me not," he exclaimed, in a soft, low tone. "I have not the will, if I had the power, to harm you; and I am desirous of interchanging a few words with you."

She gazed with sad eyes upon him for a moment, then she turned her gaze about her as if to look whether any other creature were near. Apparently satisfied that they were alone, she turned her face, so wondrously beautiful, especially in the silver-gray light of the moonbeams, and said, in an earnest voice,

"You saved Cyril Kingswood."

"It is of him I would speak to you," returned Erle, approaching her until he stood by her side.

She turned her full eyes upon him.

"Speak!" she exclaimed.

"You know him?" he said, looking fixedly at her.

"I know him!" she replied, dropping her eyes to the green sward.

"You have known him long, perhaps?"

"From childhood," she replied, still with a downcast look and a rising blush, which did not, even in the moonlight, remain unconcealed.

"You have been friends for so long a time?" he said, with a marked enunciation.

"We have been friends so long," she replied with an embarrassed accent.

"Not rude or impertinently inquisitive think me if I pursue inquiry," continued Erle, speaking in gentle tones. "Our meeting is in itself singular, your position is strange and remarkable, and the incidents attendant upon the last visit of Cyril Kingswood paid to the Chase are of so mysterious a character that I cannot forbear questioning you, though I do not expect you to reply to me if you feel any reluctance or my queries prove of an objectionable character."

"Speak," she returned; "I am bound to answer."

"Bound!" he echoed, with surprise. "Why bound to answer me?"

"You saved the life of Cyril Kingswood," she replied, in earnest tones.

"For that I have no claim on your gratitude. I knew you not when I raised my hand to save him from a dastardly blow," rejoined Erle.

"There is yet another reason," she exclaimed, as raising her eyes to his face, she timidly scrutinized his features.

"Name it," said Erle, laconically.

"You exactly resemble the Wonder of Kingswood Chase," she replied, rather tremulously.

"The Wonder of Kingswood Chase!" he repeated, with much surprise. "I thought you were the Wonder of Kingswood Chase."

She shook her head.

"In the old hunting lodge there hangs a picture," she rejoined, speaking with a strange awe. "It is the portrait of a lord, anciently a baron of these domains. He brought upon his house a doom. His spectre wanders in the Chase, and he is called the Wonder of Kingswood Chase. You exactly resemble the picture."

He shrunk back a step or two, and with a violent shudder convulsing her frame, she murmured—

"You may be he?"

Again this allusion to his resemblance to the bad Baron of Kingswood.

A strange thrill passed over Erle as the several occasions upon which this coincidence had been forced upon his notice flashed through his brain. It was, however, but a passing emotion.

"I am not he," he returned, in a calm, clear voice, "but a living, breathing creature like yourself, save that I have neither kin nor kin, nor friend in the wide world."

"Cyril," she exclaimed, with emphasis.

"He might have been," he answered, musingly and sadly; "he can be nothing to me now."

She gazed earnestly at him, struck by the desolate tone of his voice.

"I, too, am lone and friendless," she exclaimed, mournfully.

"You," he ejaculated, with a faint smile.

"He must be nothing to me now," she returned, in a voice equally despondent with his own.

"Tell me," said Erle, abruptly, "do your friends know of the intimacy between Cyril Kingswood and yourself?"

"Friends!" she echoed, in a sarcastic tone, and then added, mournfully, "do not urge that question, I cannot answer it."

"Listen to me," said Erle, gravely and earnestly. "Cyril Kingswood, ere you moon was at the full, came hither to meet you; that night I found him not far from hence, lifeless, in the hands of the ruffian, Tubal Kish."

"Lifeless!" repeated the maiden, in accents of terror.

"He was bleeding from a blow on the temple. Tubal Kish's hand struck the blow. Say, was he instigated to this foul deed by your friends?"

"My friends?" she ejaculated, almost incoherently. "No—oh, no. Why should he wish harm to Cyril?"

"You are a forest maiden, simple, perhaps humble; he is the son of a lord. Your brothers—your parents—may believe that he has evil designs upon your happiness, and have taken this mode of separating you," suggested Erle.

The maiden wrung her hands in grief.

"I have no brothers—no parents. I have no friend but Ishmael," she exclaimed.

Erle started. He caught her by the wrist.

"But who?" he inquired, in an astonished voice.

"Ishmael," she replied, "and he is cold and stern, and hates Cyril. Oh, Cyril is good and gentle and truthful, and would not wrong or injure me. Why should he? He is the son of a lord; therefore he should be the more noble and virtuous. Yet Ishmael tore us asunder, and has forbidden me again to speak with him. Since he parted us he has kept me confined to my room in the hunting-lodge, because that I might not again see him. To-morrow we are to leave the Chase for ever, to go I know not whither; but I could not part from these scenes of my brief happiness without one last fond gaze at them. So I stole forth in the silence of the night to revisit those spots where I have wandered with Cyril—where never more we shall together roam again. I did not think to meet with—any one who would bear my last farewell to him. You, sir, perhaps—"

"I shall not see him again," interposed Erle, emphatically.

The maiden looked into his face; she became as pale as death; she trembled violently.

"You—you said that Tubal Kish had struck him down," she gasped. "You do not—you cannot mean that he—that he—killed him?"

She sank upon her knees half fainting, and clasped him by the arms.

"No—no—no," he replied rapidly, "he lives, he is well. Rise and compose yourself, I pray you. Tell me—of Ishmael, I—"

She sprang to her feet, and clutching his hand, she murmured—

"Hush—hush—some one approaches."

Out of a brake on the opposite bank of the stream there appeared a dark object moving like some unwieldy animal. It rose up and stared steadfastly at both.

It was Tubal Kish.

He gazed at the pair as they stood in the pale moonbeams, hand in hand. A wild, guttural cry escaped him, and with his body rocking to and fro, he chanted, in a low, hoarse, harsh voice—

"When the spectre of the race
And the Maiden of the Chase
Shall within the forest stand,
Side by side, hand clasped in hand,
Then the curse upon the race
Shall its fatal steps retrace.
And the light upon the flame,
And the blot upon the name,
Shall a mortal hand efface;
And by God's most holy grace
Then the dawning shall be nigh."

Erle, who supposed that by chanting this doggerel the ruffian was half frenzied by drink, raised his hand menacingly to him, with the intent of warning him not to cross the stream, but ere he could utter a word the fellow, with a wild howl of fright, plunged into a brake, and, crushing through the boughs and branches, disappeared with frantic haste.

Erle watched for a minute the direction he had taken, and, when satisfied that he had really made off, placing as wide an interval between himself and the neighborhood as he could, he turned to his young and beautiful companion.

She was gone!

Amazed, he made a hurried survey of the places near to him. He searched among the trees, looked down the alleys and winding avenues running in every direction, but she was nowhere visible.

Not that he was surprised at this, for it was not difficult in such an entanglement of coppice and thicket to escape observation, with the advantage of a minute's flight. But he was astonished that she should fly from him so abruptly, without a word, at a moment, too, when he supposed she would have clung to him for protection from the ruffian Tubal Kish.

He was vexed, too, that she should have left him without some explanation concerning Ishmael.

He was strangely perplexed at the mention of this name. It was not a common one. The forest maiden, too, had said that he was a stern, cold man, and what was more curious still, she had said that she had no parents, no relative, no friend but Ishmael. Why, that was his case. The coincidence was singular. Then, too, the rhymes uttered by Tubal Kish. He had evidently not improvised them, and there was a meaning in the words not confined to their jingle, for had not Tubal, on a former occasion, styled him the spectre of the Chase? had not the gamekeeper spoken of the maiden who had just left him as the Wonder of Kingswood Chase? and were they not standing hand in hand when Tubal Kish suddenly appeared?

Were these intimations, supernaturally mysterious, that he—he was a Kingswood?

His face burned fiercely, and he bit his lips until the blood came, and then he became cold and white.

If he were truly a Kingswood, why was his birth a secret? Was the brand of moral shame upon his brow?

He groaned. He longed for the dawn; yet an hour or so, and the shame, if such there was clinging to his birth, might be washed out by his own blood.

Before the first gray streak of dawn followed the setting of the moon, he took up his station beneath an aged oak, near to the appointed spot where he was to meet Philip Avon.

A stream of gray, vapory clouds swept across the sky as the crescent moon declined to the horizon, and a chill, nipping morning air heralded the approaching dawn.

Still and motionlessly did Erle lean against the green, mossy trunk of the old tree, and as the first faint streak of pale, cold light appeared above the tree-tops in the east, he saw Philip Avon glide into the glade.

His form was shrouded in a cloak, and a broad-brimmed felt hat was slouched down upon his brows. He gazed furtively about him as he advanced, but without discovering Erle, and he halted beneath a tree some few paces short of that beneath which Erle stood.

From beneath his cloak he produced a couple of swords and a pistol case; he laid them upon the grass, and after another brief survey he unlocked the case of pistols, and took out one, which he examined, and then, to Erle's surprise, he glided behind the trunk of the tree near to which he stood, and levelled the pistol in the direction in which he might be expected to appear.

With knitted brows Erle stepped lightly up to him, and heard him mutter—

"A bullet from this cover would reach him ere his eye caught sight of the flash. I could plant it in his head or heart to a certainty, and who would know that mine was the hand that brought the goshawk down?"

"Heaven!" exclaimed Erle, pressing his hand upon his shoulder.

With an oath Philip sprang a dozen feet aside, and then turned a ghastly face upon the youth, who stood calmly confronting him.

"Murder would hardly sit well on the right hand of the heir of Hawkesbury," continued Erle, in clear, cold tones. "It is true that you informed me in your courteous note that you intended to slay or be slain. It seems to me that you have resolved to adopt a course hardly honorable to the son of a baronet and the heir of an ancient family, but nevertheless eminently adapted to carry out the first proposition."

The face of Philip Avon became of a purple hue.

"I am not conscious that we have met here to bandy courtesies," he said, in a husky voice. "But since you must needs play the cave-dropper, a contemptible part, no doubt to you more natural than assumed, let me remind you that I said I could bring down with a bullet one whom I hate, as he approached this spot from yonder alley, not that I would do so."

"The distinction is subtle enough, and the line as finely drawn as need be," returned Erle. "I ask not for favor at any man's hand, much less at yours, but I expect the laws of honor to be respected, even by Philip Avon."

Philip scowled at him with rage and malice.

"It is not my design to seize any mean advantage that may offer," he exclaimed, between his teeth; "but it is not my intention to perform a passage in arms with you as a Frenchman would walk a minuet. I propose to fight you to the death. You have dared to cast an eye on Lady Maud, my betrothed. You have conceived a passion for her—you—an unknown! You! For this, had I have met you in different company, I would have slit off your ears and nailed them to a barn-door. As I encountered you in the halls of a

Kingswood, I submit to cross-swords with you, but with not the less firm determination to effectually punish your presumption and insolence."

"Cross swords!" ejaculated Erle, with a curling lip. "What! have you chosen the weapons, too? I should have thought that you would have been satisfied with having arranged the result of this meeting to your satisfaction. You forget, sir, that I am the challenged, you the challenger."

"What, will you prefer pistols?" cried Philip Avon, eagerly.

"No," replied Erle, with a sarcastic tone, "your weapon may by accident be discharged before mine is loaded. You are nervous and excited. I see that your hand shakes. Will not trust it. We will fight with swords."

Philip Avon bit his thin lip sharply. He pointed to the swords, which yet lay where he had thrown them.

"Measure them," he said, sharply, "and select your own weapon. Boys talk; my motto is deeds, not words."

"Even though it be murder," said Erle, fixing his clear, large eyes contemptuously upon him.

Philip Avon, with a howl of rage, bade him secure his weapon, and not tempt him to acts of violence he might be disposed hereafter to regret being betrayed into.

With a smile of ineffable scorn, Erle took up one of the swords and tried the temper of its blade. Being satisfied, he withdrew a short distance, and proceeded to remove his coat and vest and his cravat. He then bared his right and left arms to the elbow, and advanced to face Philip Avon.

The latter, who had gone through the same process, was not quite so quick in his movements, and Erle stood thoughtfully leaning upon his sword waiting till he announced himself to be ready.

Philip gave a furtive glance at his pistol-case. A sigh swelled his chest, and a strong regret filled his mind because Erle had chosen swords; he would rather the weapons had been pistols. He would have cared little for a pistol-shot wound, where he thought Erle by luck might have hit him, yet he knew that he could send a bullet in reply through the latter's heart.

He felt a strange misgiving that he had underrated Erle's prowess and courage, he had to counteract this unwelcome doubt by a call upon his boldness such as he had never need to make before.

They stood face to face, saluted, weapon in hand, and for the moment were toe to toe.

The countenances of both, perhaps, were pale, but their eyes, each fixed on the other's, were singularly bright, their brows were knitted and their teeth were set.

At first they went through a series of feints, which were rapidly parried, and were followed by feigns and lunges, each diverted from a fatal aim by a dexterous movement of the wrist.

As they warmed up, the combat began to grow fiercer. Philip became irritable, and pushed and thrust with renewed vigor, endeavoring to bear back Erle, who fought with great patience and yet greater coolness, so that he might lose his equilibrium. But he was unsuccessful in this design, and, after a rapid passage, he felt, by something warm trickling down his sword-arm, that he had been wounded there.

It could be but a scratch, for it pained him nothing, but it made a strange inroad on his temper. Again and again he pressed on Erle with mad passion because he found himself foiled in every attempt to hit him, while, after an exhausting passage, he discovered that he had himself been struck in four places, from which the blood was oozing.

He ground his teeth as, for a moment, he paused, and he said, with difficulty, for his mouth was parched and his tongue dry,

"You have been lucky. You have drawn blood."

"I have pricked you in sport," answered Erle, with a curling lip.

"Had I wished, I would long ere this have disabled you."

"Do it!" roared Philip, and he made a sudden, base and villainous lunge at him.

Erle was prepared for him, stepped aside, warded off the deadly thrust, and like lightning sent the point of his own sword through the fleshy part of Philip Avon's side.

The wound was neither deep nor dangerous, but Philip felt the smart. He placed his hand there, and felt the warm blood gush out. He lowered the point of his sword. His face changed to a cadaverous blue.

"I am not a match with you at sword-play," he said, gasping for breath. "We have not met for a mere trial at skill," he added, with a ghastly smile, and pointing to the pistol case, he said, "We have met here a life for a life. Load those pistols. I am weak with the loss of blood—quick! Give me a chance—a chance; you are not such a cowardly hound as to refuse me one poor chance! Load those pistols!"

"Fling down your sword," replied Erle, coldly, "and I will do your behest. I will not give you the chance to act treacherously and basely."

With a growl, Philip threw down on the grass, here and there crimsoned with his blood, his unstained weapon, and Erle laid his ensanguined blade down at his feet, ready to be seized on the instant.

Then he proceeded to rapidly load the pistols which he drew from the case containing them, and the ammunition likewise.

As he was ramming down the barrel of the second pistol, Philip suddenly called to him,

"No bullet in that, mark me; no bullet in that pistol. One life only is needed, one bullet will suffice. Quick, I grow cold and faint."

Erle looked steadfastly at him.

"Be it so," he said. "But how decide the choice of the weapon?"

"A long and short blade of grass," answered Philip. "Lay down the pistol beneath my cloak so that neither you nor I can tell which is the loaded one. The longest blade of grass shall give the choice. Quick, man, you fear—you fear to give me so miserable a chance as this. Oh God! how deadly cold, and sick, and powerless I feel. Quick, quick, delay is cowardice!"

Erle's pale face exhibited no alteration in its expression, save, perhaps, a sign in the compact set of his features that the taunts of his antagonist goaded him to a state of vindictiveness he might not otherwise have experienced.

He finished loading the last pistol; he passed them rapidly from one hand to the other, so that it was not possible to remember by the eye which of the two contained the ball. Then he stooped and laid them beneath the cloak which had been thrown carelessly upon the ground.

He next plucked two blades of grass, and arranging them, proffered the even ends to Philip Avon that he might select which he pleased.

Philip drew a long, deep breath, he set his teeth together hard, and his nostrils inflated as his glittering eyes, sparkling with an unearthly brightness, settled upon the two pieces of grass extended towards him.

He passed his blood-stained hand over his clammy forehead, leaving thereon a broad, crimson streak like the brand of Cain. Then he snatched one of the blades and held it aloft.

Erle produced the one he had retained.

Philip gave a loud yell of triumph. He had secured the longest blade of grass! With a low growl of exultation, he staggered to the spot where the pistols lay hidden. He drew them forth, and examined them with anxious, bloodshot eyes.

Erle, with folded arms, calmly surveyed him.

Philip balanced the pistols, one in each hand, with more nicety, care and patience than in his wounded condition might have been expected. At length, a low, gurgling laugh of triumph burst from his lips.

He held up one pistol in his hand, and flung the other upon the turf.

"The lead is in this!" he cried, and added, with rapid enunciation, "Ten paces, hound! ten paces, dog! Quick, my eyes are growing dim, and I would be sure in my aim. Ten paces for Lady Maud!"

"Ten paces for Lady Maud," echoed Erle, raising up the pistol which Philip had flung from him.

Fully certain that Philip's long experience in firearms had enabled him to select the loaded pistol, conscious that he was a dead shot, Erle, with a glance at the fair earth, a look at the brightening sky, believed that his hour had come.

Back and back five paces, each turn, and fire.

Face to face they stood on turning. Philip Avon looked a ghastly object. A bloody smear was upon his brow, his white shirt was bedaubed with the gory fluid, and his face had a horrible, livid, corpse-like aspect.

He presented a sight to have cowed even a bold heart. Erle might have shuddered at his terrible appearance, but his thoughts were elsewhere.

He stood motionless, his lips only moved.

A last, a fervent blessing for her, and Heaven have mercy on my

soul! was the aspiration which passed through his lips without a sound.

Philip took a long and careful aim at Erle's breast. Suddenly he shouted,

"Take that, in remembrance of Lady Maud!"

A blinding flash took the sight for an instant from Erle's eyes. A rush of hot air seemed to strike his throat, and some object hit his breast just over the region of the heart. But he neither staggered nor fell.

Philip had chosen the wrong pistol!

Erle raised his own weapon and aimed.

He knew who had the loaded pistol now, for the burning wad of the discharged pistol, which had struck him on the breast, lay burning on the grass at his feet.

"Take that in remembrance of me!" he cried, and fired.

A wild shriek burst from the lips of Philip Avon. He fell as if he had been smitten down by a lightning-stroke.

While the blue smoke was yet wreathing upwards in the cold, heavy air, Erle turned his eyes sharply round the glade, and an exclamation burst from his lips.

He flung down his pistol, caught up his attire, folded his cloak about his shoulders, dashed into a brake, and in an instant was lost to sight.

Advancing with hurried steps up the glade, attracted by the report of the pistols, came Cyril Kingswood.

CHAPTER XIX.

When 'tis his
After long toil and travelling to miss
The kernel of his hopes, how more than vile!
Yet for him there's refreshment even in toil;
Another city doth he set about:
Free from the smallest pebble-head of doubt,
That he will seize on tricking honeycombs;
Alas, he finds them dry; and then he foams,
And onward to another city speeds.
But this is human life; the war, the deeds,
The disappointment, the anxiety,
Imaginations, struggles, far and nigh,
All human; bearing in themselves this good,
That they are still the air, the subtle food,
To make us feel existence, and to show
How quiet death is. Where soil is, men grow,
Whether to weeds or flowers; but for me,
There is no depth to strike in; I can see
Naught earthy worth my compassing; so stand
Upon a misty, jutting head of land—
Alone!—John Keats.

ERLE GOWER, with a heavy heart and a clouded mind, turned his back upon Kingswood Hall.

The solitude of a lonely copse enabled him to restore his attire, and when he accomplished this, he made his way to the railway station whither he had the night previously dispatched his valise.

Once out of Kingswood Park, he easily found the building he sought, and by one of those coincidences which seem, according to some infallible rule, never to occur when most wished for, a train was announced as being in sight just as he arrived at the station.

"Where for?" inquired the ticket-clerk, as he approached the square opening through which the face and hands of the official could be inconveniently seen.

"London!" Erle replied.

"London?" echoed the clerk, stamped the ticket, named the amount required, and handing up the small printed pass-card, said, "There you are."

The word "London" though uttered by himself, sounded in Erle's ear like the boom of a bell. "London," echoed by the clerk, had an equally forcible effect. "London," the mightiest city in the universe, rang through his brain as he worked his way among a throng of hurrying, frantic, crowded individuals, each displaying a wild excitement perfectly unnecessary, and which, altogether, was a waste of powder.

He took his seat, on the arrival of the train, in the unoccupied compartment of a first-class carriage, and leaned his aching, throbbing temples against the cushioned side. A shrieking whistle, and away flew the train. His saddened eyes caught sight of the turrets and pinnacles of Kingswood Hall.

Cold, sullen, and stern rose the incongruous pile of buildings, backed by a solid purple mass of leafless trees. A dull, leaden sky stretched upwards, and gave a cheerless aspect to the whole scene and its surroundings.

"Is that a home wherein to weave golden sunshine out of weeping clouds?" he murmured, bitterly. "Ishmael, you have mocked me. I have placed my foot boldly upon the polished flooring of Lord Kingswood's proudest hall. I have stood with head erect beneath his roof. Behold, oh, Ishmael, the result! Am I not a fugitive and an outcast? Thou art a false prophet, Ishmael, and I will not further trust thee."

He flung himself back in the carriage. Yet, in another moment, he leaned forward, and with bent brows, gazed again solicitously and earnestly at the Hall.

"Aye, within that leaden casket is a Portia fairer, gentler, sweeter far than ever poet drew; than lover, even by the happy accident of a blind success, ever chose. Not for me art thou, Maud—not for me! Yet may Heaven smile on thee, and make the commonest incidents of a calm, untroubled life minister to thy happiness."

The wish had not left his lips when the carriage, rushing into a cutting, abruptly shut out from his view Kingswood Hall, and once more he sank back in the carriage sad and despondent.

Once a troubled thought of Philip Avon crossed him. Not because that he had left him, as it seemed, desperately wounded. Perfect master of fence, he had pierced Philip with the sword where he had pleased, and dangerously nowhere. In mere humiliating scorn he had done this. Equally was he a superb marksman with the pistol. He had intended to mark Philip Avon only, not to kill him. He could not see in the hurried moment which followed the discharge of his pistol where his bullet had taken effect, but he was sure as if he had that it had shattered the upper bone of Philip's right arm. It was no such thought, however, that troubled him.

It was that, when he had recovered from his wounds, the field of love where Lady Maud sat the queenly prize would be open to him undisputed.

It was this thought which made Erle's brow more clouded, and his lips compress more tightly together. It was such a thought as this which made him contemplate his position and its vague indefiniteness with such painful, impetuous impatience. It was this thought which recurred to him when eager to enter the arena of life, and do desperate fight for its highest prizes, which intruded itself and damped his ardor. While he was daring, struggling, toiling, Philip would be wooing. What if he achieved some proud position, wrenched from the blistering fire of mortal competition, some high prize among those great gifts attainable only by vast industry, perseverance and self-abnegation. Years would have passed, and his present rich, dark locks would be silvered, not more by his trials, his struggles, the severity of his labors, than by the hand of time itself.

What without her would be his triumph? a glittering flower sparkling over a myriad thorns.

He was tempted to wish that Philip Avon had selected the pistol charged with the bullet.

"At least," he said, as he glanced his eyes upwards, "there I should have been awaiting her coming, unmoved by the chilling crosses of life, restless only that her advent on earth might be delayed."

His dreams, aspirations and abstractions were cut short by the arrival of the train at the London terminus.

Here all was bustle, noise and seeming confusion. Passengers hurried here, and porters darted there, cabmen stood on the box of their four-wheelers, or sat perched on diminished diceys behind Hansoms, all holding up hands armed with whips, as if they all expected you, and recognised you at once. There was the banging of doors, the flight of a cloud of luggage, the hoarse and prolonged shrieks of the railway engine whistle, the tramp of two thousand feet, and the chorus of one thousand voices, complications, and entanglements of human beings, sweeping like troubled rapids to one place of egress.

Erle was completely bewildered. He was run against, pushed about, turned round, thrust onwards and elbows until he got angry, and his anger was not mollified by observing a man staggering under his valise and moving off—certainly slowly, but decidedly moving off with it.

The romantic was rudely thrust aside by the practical.

He went after the individual bearing his property, and he said to him, not very mildly:

"Hey! fellow, that is my valise you are carrying away."

The man, whose purpled physiognomy was level with his waist, turned round.

"Got your ticket?" he said.

Erle remembered that he had received a ticket bearing a number corresponding with one which had been pasted upon his valise, and he produced it.

The man, who was a railway porter, ejaculated:

"All right!"

He put down the valise and dragged it to the side of a Hansom cab, in which he placed it, leaving Erle but a very small space to sit in.

He touched his cap, Erle intuitively knew to what it alluded. He gave a small coin to the man, who made it disappear with the celerity of a magician. Thanking him he said:

"Where to, sir?"

"Aye—where!"

Erle was staggered by the question. It was very well on quitting Kingswood to make London his destination, but then London possessed an area of more than thirty miles, and it was necessary for him to fix upon some point within that area where he would for the nonce be set down.

With a disconcerted air, he replied:

"I am a stranger in London. You had better convey me to some respectable inn."

"Where?" cried the cabman to the railway porter, as Erle stepped into the vehicle.

"The gentleman wants to go to some respectable inn," answered the porter, and having got his prohibited fee, he darted away after some other passenger's luggage.

The cabman now knew he had got a stranger in his net, in which all who entered were fish, and some of them golden fish, too. He opened his little trap door and surveyed his prize, looking down upon him as a hawk would upon a pigeon.

Satisfied with his inspection, he called out—

"Ain't no huns now in London, sir. Hall 'otels now, sir."

"Very well. Drive me to some respectable hotel," answered Erle, immediately.

The cabman shut down his trap door upon his pigeon. He was then beneath the vast rod-tied shed at the terminus of the Great Western railway, and he turned his thoughts upon quiet hotels at Norwood, Rotherhithe, Poplar and Hackney. For the moment he was embarrassed by the riches of lengthy distances presented to him by an active brain and the organ of avarice.

He started off before he could decide upon a choice, but resolving to make the distance considerable and the fare enormous, he quitted the shed for somewhere.

Alas for the fallibility of human calculations!

As the cab swept round Southwick crescent, a voice hailed the cabman, and an equestrian galloped up to the side of the cab; bending his face towards Erle, he cried:

"What, Gower, old fellow, up to London at last!"

Erle looked up, and saw the well-known face of a schoolfellow, who had left Crambo's six months previously.

The cab was stopped, and after a brief greeting and shaking of hands, Erle explained his position, at least so far as referred to his being a stranger in London without an idea where to establish his quarters.

"The very thing," replied his friend. "My governor's gone abroad. We can accommodate you very comfortably for a month or so at our place, until you have time to select for yourself; I have often invited you home, you know, and now I am able to prove my sincerity. Shan't take a refusal. Cabby, drive to Hyde Park Gardens. I will tell you at which house to pull up."

The cab-driver, with the aspect of one who was suffering under a grievous wrong which he dared not resent, proceeded to Hyde Park Gardens, and stopped the cab at the door of a stylish house, pointed out to him by Erle's unexpected companion.

The man and vehicle discharged, Erle, within a few minutes, found himself in a well-furnished sleeping apartment, valise and all, before he had time even to reflect upon the propriety of accepting the courtesy proffered to him in a manner and at a moment so completely unlooked for.

Had there been an opportunity for calm and quiet deliberation, he would unquestionably have declined this invitation, and would, for a time, at least, have remained secluded, so that he might fairly weigh in his mind the best path for him hereafter to pursue. But the proposition was made to him at a moment when his brain was in a chaos of confusion, uncertain whither to direct his steps; an act of friendly courtesy was therefore a boon which came to him with especial grateful force, and he yielded without a dissentient gesture.

Yes, here he was, safely housed, within a few minutes of his arrival in London, at the very instant when he believed himself deserting and deserted by the whole world.

"Stanhope, I am really deeply indebted to you for your kindness," he exclaimed, in reply to the urgings of his schoolfellow to make himself at home.

"Don't entertain any such nonsense," returned his companion and host. "You recollect saving my life when I was attacked by that beastly old bull of Farmer Goring's, eh, old boy? I should think, after that affair, I ought to show you some little attention. Now, look you here, Gower. You were always a proud, grave, reserved, dignified, keep-yourself-to-yourself kind of fellow at Crambo's, you know; we used to call you the son of an Emperor, the brother of a King, the nephew of a Sultan, and first cousin of the Teyoon of Japan. Now, you can be here as grand as you like, as jolly as you please, or as cold as marble. All I ask of you is to make yourself at home, and be satisfied that you are only receiving, while you stay with me, the first instalment of a debt which can never be fully repaid."

"Except by such acknowledgments as you are now making," returned Erle, smiling.

"By nothing of the sort," quickly returned his companion. "Now, look here, Gower, I have a call to make, and you will like to renovate your toilet after your journey. By the time you have done that, I shall be back, and we will take lunch with my sister Beatrice." He waved his hand, and ran out of the room.

Carlton Stanhope was a light, gay, handsome young fellow, with whom, hitherto, the world had trundled pleasantly. He had a generous spirit, and being of a frank and sociable nature, seldom made enemies, if his intimacies never reached the grander proportions of friendship. Erle had been accustomed to regard him in the light of a mere school associate; better, perhaps, than the average, but frivolous withal. Already he began to entertain a better opinion of him.

As soon as he was alone, the strange contrast which the elegantly-furnished chamber in which he sat presented to the scene in the Chase struck him forcibly. The grim, blood-stained figure of Philip Avon would thrust itself before his sight; again he saw that pallid, ghastly face, with its menacing eyes, its gory lips, and deadly, vindictive expression. Again he saw the flash from his pistol; felt the dull heat; heard the report, and the wild shriek that followed it! But with the painful vision there came the sense of present calm, of luxurious personal comfort, with a mind disordered. There was, too, floating in his brain, a strange impression, entertained instinctively rather than conceived, that the events of the morning had been acted in a time long past. A few hours had placed more than a hundred miles between him and the Chase, and it seemed as if an interval of years had elapsed since he had gone through a mortal struggle with Philip Avon.

This delusion was owing, mainly, to the stamp of antiquity borne by Kingswood Hall and its surroundings, and the fresh, modern aspect of everything presented to his eyes from the moment he had taken his seat in the train to the time he sat thoughtfully eyeing the appointments of the bed-chamber to which Carlton Stanhope had introduced him.

But even his contemplation, disturbed and distracted as its nature necessarily was, had its limits, and the elasticity of youth enabled him to shake off at least some of the wild, despairing dejection into which reflections on what had occurred, and the situation in which he was placed, had flung him.

He saw by a glance at the toilet-glass how jaded, pale, even haggard he looked, from the effects of his intense mental excitement and the fatigue he had undergone; he therefore set to work to remove some of the traces, and had barely succeeded, when Carlton Stanhope reappeared.

His lively rattle and great flow of spirits were rather a boon to Erle, for they prevented him dwelling on unpleasant subjects, and compelled him to an effort to appear cheerful, no matter what were his real feelings.

Carlton rallied him upon his emancipation from school, and touched on very tender ground in doing so, for he made allusions to

Erle's relatives and his home which were exceedingly painful. He did not, however, appear to notice the effect of his thoughtless observations, and, to Erle's great relief, suddenly checked himself by saying, as he looked at his watch,

"By Jove, we are keeping lunch waiting; the presiding deity will frown upon us for being late. Come along, Gower."

He took Erle's arm as he spoke, and descending the stairs, entered a pretty sitting-room.

Reclining on an easy chair, reading a book which had outwardly a strong resemblance to the "last new novel," was a young lady, who, without taking her eyes off the page she was perusing, said, as Carlton and Erle entered the room,

"Your conduct is positively abominable, Carlton. You have kept me waiting for half an hour, and now you can enjoy the bliss of sitting and counting your fingers until I have finished my chapter."

Carlton laughed merrily, and said, rapidly,

"This deponent pleadeth guilty; but though he doth not ask grace for himself, he prayeth it for his friend, Mr. Gower, who hath journeyed many a weary mile. Wayworn, and with the appetite of an ostrich, he claimeth our hospitality; will you, oh, my sister, deny it unto him?"

Before Carlton concluded his speech, the young lady removed the book from before her eyes, and instantly, on perceiving Erle, rose to her feet.

She regarded him with an air of surprise, and a rosy blush mantled her cheek.

Her brother, who evidently enjoyed her unequivocal wonder, rattled on:

"Permit me to introduce to you, Beatrice," he said, with a mock earnestness, "a gentleman you have hitherto known only by repute. You have, I know, often thought of him with a sigh; and I think you once confessed to me that you offered up prayers on his behalf."

"Carlton!" she ejaculated, in an offended tone, while her face became yet more crimsoned.

He waved his hand with a slight flourish.

"Yet a moment," he said, in the same tone as before. "This, Beatrice, is the Mr. Gower, my old schoolfellow, who, like the Winchester scholar, never went home in his holidays, never received visits from affectionate relatives laden with fruits of the earth, cakes of the confectioner, and golden coin of the realm. Here you have, in his own proper person, that same grave, quiet, proud, reserved, cold, haughty, fierce, generous, impetuous genius, who leaped into the captaincy of the school when no bigger than a fourth form boy, and who was acknowledged the best runner, jumper, rider, fencer, cricketer, swimmer among us; in short, that very Erle Gower of whom I have often spoken, and you have so often expressed a wish to see. There, now how about the odious chapter?"

The face of his sister underwent a marvellous change as he thoughtlessly rattled on. Her eyes fastened on the face of Erle with a settled gaze, her lips gradually became pale, and her face yet whiter. She seemed to experience for a moment a difficulty in breathing, but as her brother concluded she flung her book aside, and extended her hand impulsively to Erle.

He took it—it was deathly cold; he pressed it. The pressure was returned, but at the same instant her hand was hurriedly withdrawn, and with drooping eyelids she said, in a voice which was very low, and trembled in every tone,

"Mr. Gower, as my brother's friend, you—you are welcome."

Carlton Stanhope laughed boisterously.

"Nervous, by Jove!" he cried. "What you—you, Beatrice, nervous and hurried! ho! ho! a triumph for you, Gower," he added, turning to Erle. "She is self-possession itself in the presence of a duke, has rather an indifferent opinion of marquises, and lo! she trembles at the sight of an 'Erle'!"

Both Erle and Beatrice Stanhope looked embarrassed; the young lady, in fact, was evidently distressed, and turned a beseeching glance at her brother, who only smiled more roguishly than ever.

He shrugged his shoulders, motioned to both to be seated, and as he himself sat down, he said,

"An execrable pun, I confess, but opportunity makes the thief, you know; and though I confess to no weak hankering after the foible of pocket-picking, I could not resist committing the sin which occasion forced upon me."

The appearance of servants to wait upon them during lunch diverted the conversation into another channel, and gave Erle an opportunity of observing the sister of his friend, especially as Carlton Stanhope absorbed the conversation, and Beatrice sat like Parisina, still, pale and silent, without raising her eyes more than once or twice—at each of which times they encountered those of Erle, and were dropped suddenly.

Erle had thus full opportunity of perceiving that Beatrice Stanhope was about his own age, rather tall, but slight in figure, yet graceful, and almost perfect in form. Her complexion was pale without a tinge of sallowness; her features were handsomely shaped; her eyes were dark, large and brilliant; her nose thin and slightly aquiline; her lips small and sweetly formed; her hair a glossy jet. She was a type of a style of beauty he had not before seen; but though it was impossible for him not to admire it, her charms served only to heighten in his estimation those of Lady Maud.

In truth, as he looked from time to time upon her, so quiet and voiceless, her long, black eyelashes resting on her marble cheek, he thought of the fair, soft loveliness of Lady Maud, as he had fondly gazed upon it in the subdued light of the antique library; and he sighed to think his eyes were not resting upon it now—that they might never gaze upon it more.

The lunch was soon got over, and Carlton insisted upon Erle's accompanying him for a ride, to which he assented the more readily as he fancied he perceived a desire on the part of Beatrice to escape from the apartment. Carlton wished her to join them, but she pleaded a sudden headache, declined, and rather abruptly withdrew. As she passed Erle, she turned her fine eyes full upon his, and smiled; a crimson bloom overspread her face, and she quickened her step—almost darting out of the room, leaving the question Carlton put to her without a reply.

Carlton smoothed the tips of his dark moustache with his fingers.

"Very odd," he soliloquised; "I never saw her act thus before."

Erle felt a sharp pang pass through his breast. His eye kindled.

"I am an intruder here!" he exclaimed, suddenly and stiffly.

Carlton glanced at him with surprise.

"Pshaw!" he rejoined. "You don't know Beatrice. For the matter of that, I do not; of this, however, you may be assured; she is very pleased at the opportunity of meeting with you, and very vexed, I will be sworn, at the indisposition which prevents her joining us; but there, she was always a strange girl, and girls of all kinds are odd in their ways. So let us have our ride, and not vex ourselves by idle fancies which are not likely ever to touch the facts."

Beatrice that day kept her chamber, and Erle and Carlton dined alone, Erle retiring early, for he was exhausted by the fatigue, bodily and mental, which he had undergone since his departure from Kingswood.

A month nearly elapsed.

During that period Erle was almost constantly in the society of Beatrice. It seemed, in fact, scarcely possible for him, while in the house, to move without finding her near to him. When her brother was present she spoke but little; when they were alone she exercised her woman's privilege unceasingly. A thousand questions on every variety of subjects she had to put to him. She desired his opinions upon books, music, paintings—every subject which a refined taste or a cultivated imagination could suggest.

She listened to him with avidity, and her large, gazelle-like eyes never seemed to weary with gazing on his face.

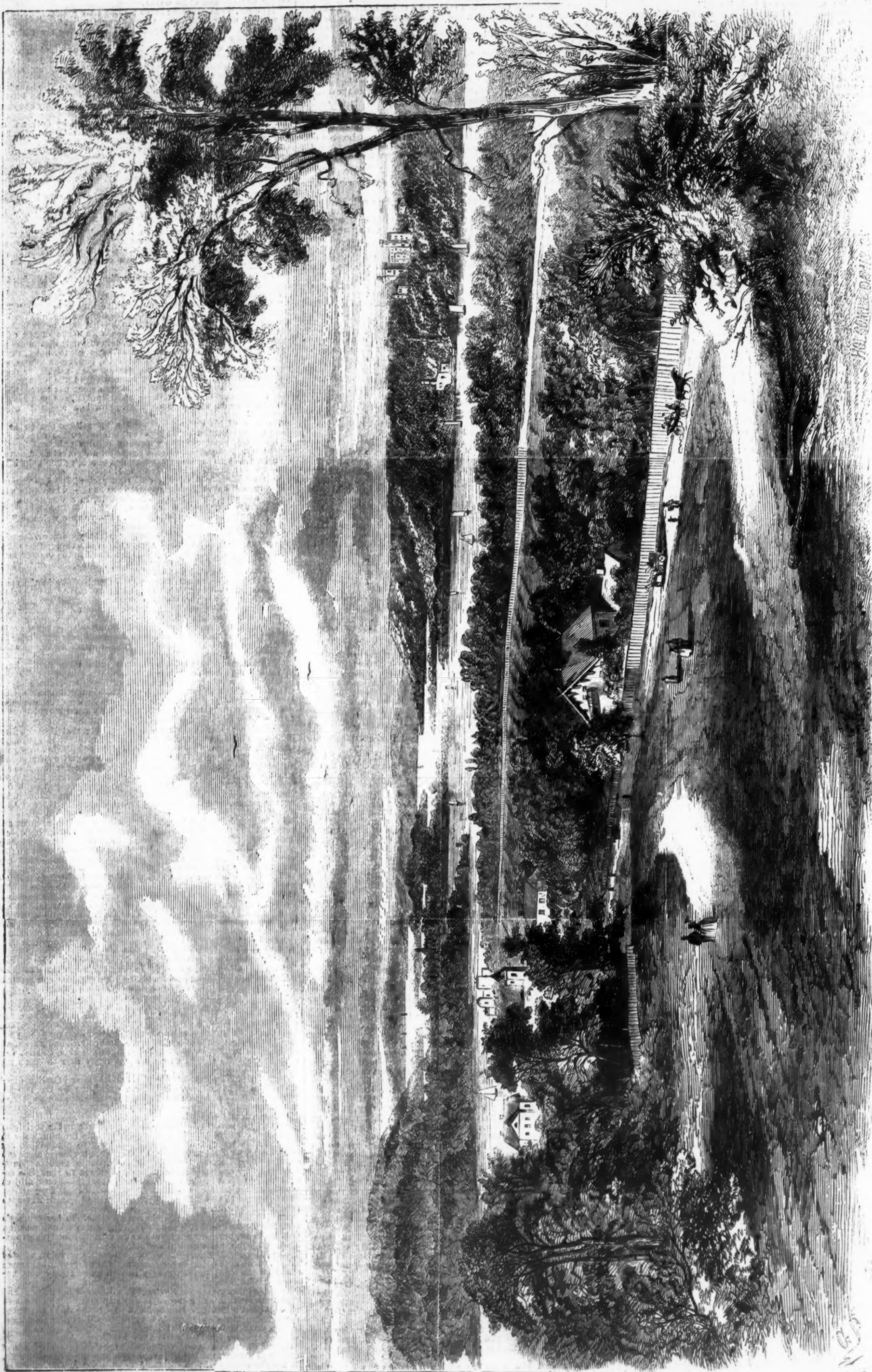
All this, however, only when they were alone. In her brother's presence she was reserved, impassive. There was no coldness, no distance in her manner; but there was no animation, nor yet an apathetic indifference at which offence might be taken.

When alone with Erle, there was a richness in her voice, a lustre in her eye, an enthusiasm in her language, and a fervor in her action and mien which contrasted strongly as well as strangely with her occasional listlessness.

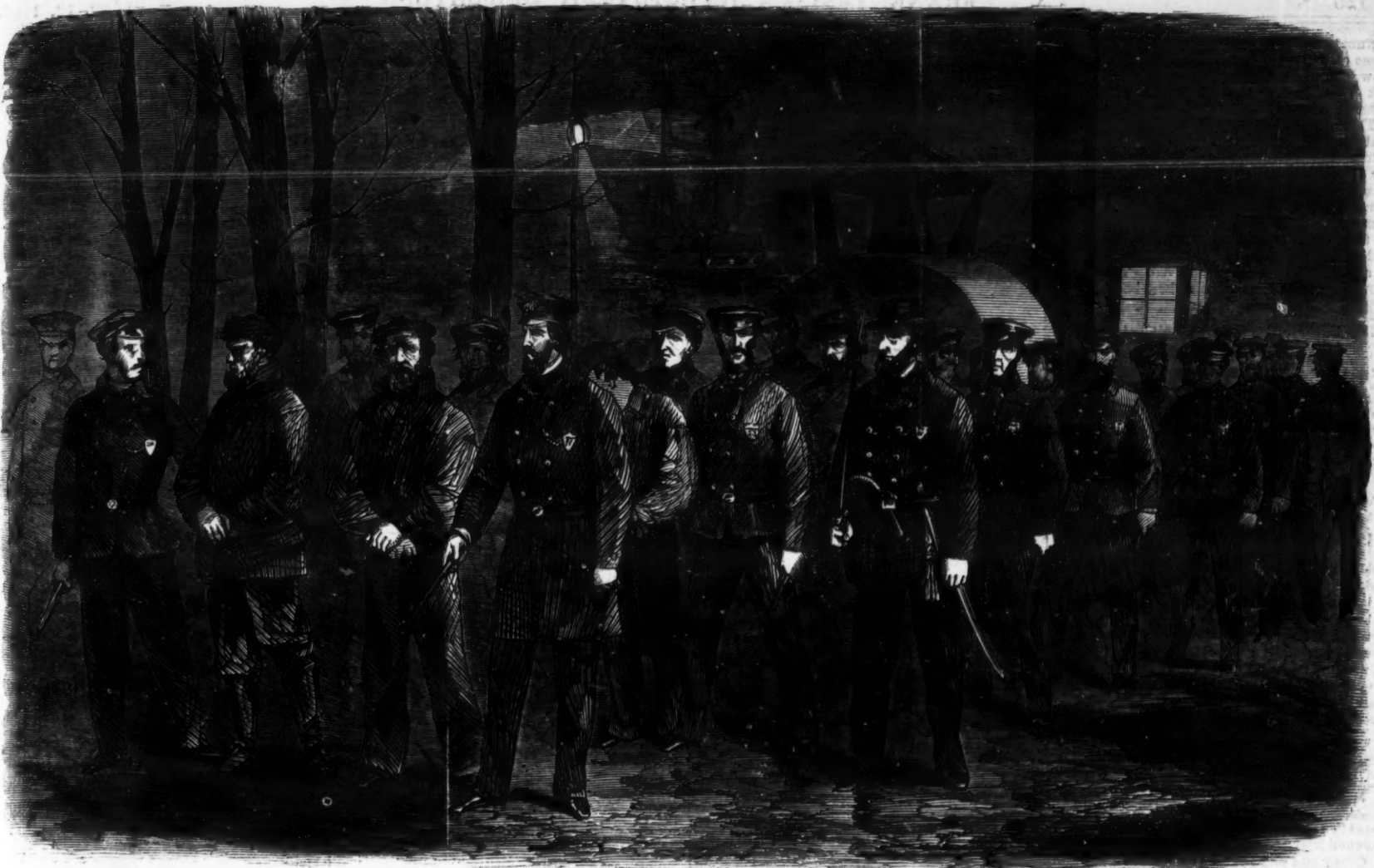
Erle was too inexperienced to trace this alternation of warmth and unemonstrativeness to a cause. It was impossible for him not to notice it; but without seeking to find a solution to it, he contented himself with the conviction that there was far more learning, ability, taste and intellectual intelligence beneath her calm and polished exterior than the world knew anything about.

During this time Erle had visited, with Carlton, several places of interest or amusement, but he shrank from appearing much abroad. He tried to wrestle with this feeling, but he did so in vain.

(To be continued.)



THE RIVER HAVEL, AS SEEN FROM THE PFINGSTBERG, IN POTSDAM, NEAR BERLIN, WITH A VIEW OF THE SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.



THE MUTINEERS OF THE SHIP STAGHOUND ESCORTED TO THE HARBOR POLICE STATION BY SERGEANT MONMOUTH, B. WILSON AND CAPT. HOWLAND, OF THE HUSSAR.—SEE PAGE 113.

THE RIVER HAVEL,

As seen from the Pfingstberg, in Potsdam, near Berlin, with a view of the Summer Residence of the Prince of Prussia.

BERLIN, the metropolis of Prussia, would hardly be an agreeable city to live in, were it not for the vicinity of Potsdam, with its park, palaces and other attractions. What the North River or the Long Island and New Jersey coast spots are to the New Yorker, that is Potsdam to the Berliner.

The thread of the landscape of Potsdam is the river Havel. From the Belvedere, a building begun by William IV., but as yet incomplete, the glance takes in the magnificent scenery given in our engraving—a view, which, as the reader may see, is of its kind one of the most beautiful in the world. The fresh green of the woods, and the exquisite gleam of the water is indeed wanting, and these in Germany seem to possess a very peculiar beauty. From one of the towers of the Belvedere on the Pfingstberg, or Pentecost Mountain, one sees the city and the Havel with its islands and white sail dots, winding away and afar, like a world-serpent, till one sees the distant towers of Spandau. Then on the other side we see many a beautiful point of landscape leading the eye to glimpses of Nauen, Berlin and Brandenburg. Opposite the Pfingstberg the eye rests on Castle Babelsberg, the summer residence of the Prince of Prussia.

The historical associations of Potsdam, though not ancient, or even mediæval, like those of the Rhineland, are deeply interesting and familiar to the whole civilized world. It was here that Frederick the Great lived, here many relics of him are still preserved, and here, for a time, Voltaire resided, preparing the groundwork of those ideas which eventually in the French Revolution gave the world its greatest social convulsion, working out more ultimate good from present evil than was ever before effected by any one movement.

As Potsdam is only some twenty minutes distance by railroad from Berlin, it is needless to say that it is much visited. Foreigners of every nation flock hither, and on a fine day the visitors of themselves form an attractive and lively spectacle.

OUT-DOOR AMUSEMENT OF THE PEOPLE.

Skating and Conover & Walker's Central Park Skate Emporium.

The joyous and pre-eminently healthful pastime of skating promises to become a national amusement. The establishment of the Central Park skating ponds for both sexes has been a direct means of awakening attention to this admirable, innocent and delightful enjoyment. Some idea may be formed of the rapid increase of popular favor for skating when we find that within the last two years the importation, manufacture and sale of skates have led to the establishment of large stores for the sale of all kinds of this article, numbering not less than one hundred and fifty varieties and styles, in prices ranging from half a dollar to twenty-five dollars.

Prominent among these establishments is the great house of Conover & Walker, 474 Broadway, who have furnished us with three samples, which we have illustrated in our present number.

Nos. 1 and 2 represent popular styles of gentlemen's skates, and the four principal points to be considered in selecting a skate are well shown. These points are:—

1st. The heel, of which the two varieties are the square (Fig. 2), and the rocker (Fig. 1).

2d. The toe, the dump (Fig. 1); the Scotch (Fig. 2).

3d. The mode of strapping, the broad or Oxford (Fig. 2); the narrow or club (Fig. 1).

4th. The height of runner, these varying from three-fourths to one and a half inch in height.

Although there are over one hundred and fifty varieties of them, nearly all are but modifications of these four principal points. While there are various new and improved skates claiming attention, yet a good English skate, with solid runners and beech wood stocks, is generally preferred by New York skaters. They are almost universally used flat-bottomed, instead of guttered, as formerly.

There is not so much diversity in the ladies' skates, and Fig. 3 represents the most popular style.

Messrs. Conover & Walker gave a grand public opening of their stock at the commencement of the skating season, and thus set the fashion in this line, which will hereafter become a representative day, or anniversary in the annals of trade, and take rank with the opening day in the world of bonnets and millinery. We would suggest to Messrs. Conover & Walker that, to make their work complete, they should procure designs of the skating dresses worn by ladies in Holland and other countries.

When this unequalled amusement is generally cultivated and indulged in by all classes, a unique and tasteful skating dress for ladies would become a national winter costume, and make the fame and fortune of the lucky genius who makes a historic point of this suggestion.

WHERE DOES WOOD COME FROM?

If we were to take up a handful of soil and, examine it under a microscope, we should probably find it to contain a number of fragments of wood, small broken pieces of branches or leaves, or other parts of the tree. If we could examine it chemically, we should find yet more strikingly that it was nearly the same as wood in its composition. Perhaps, then, it may be said, the young plant obtains its wood from the earth in which it grows. The following experiment will show whether this conjecture is likely to be correct or not. Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthen vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow tree weighing five pounds

was planted therein. During the space of five years the earth was carefully watered with rain water, or pure water. The willow grew and flourished, and to prevent the earth from being mixed with fresh earth or dirt being blown upon it by the wind, it was covered with a metal plate full of very minute holes, which would exclude everything but air from getting access to the earth below it. After growing in the earth for five years, the tree was removed, and on being weighed was found to have gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds, as it now weighed one hundred and sixty-nine. And this estimate did not include the weight of the leaves or dead branches which in five years fell from the tree. Now came the application of the test. Was all this obtained from the earth? It had not sensibly diminished; but in order to make the experiment conclusive, it was again dried in an oven and put in the balance. Astonishing was the result; the earth weighed only two ounces less than it did when the willow was first planted in it! yet the tree had gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds! Manifestly, then, the wood obtained in the space of time was not obtained from the earth; we are, therefore, compelled to repeat our question, "Where does the wood come from?" We are left with only two alternatives, the water with which it was refreshed, or the air in which it lived. It can be clearly shown that it was not due to the water; we are consequently unable to resist the perplexing and wonderful conclusion—it was derived from the air. Can it be? Were these great ocean spaces of wood which are as old as man's introduction into Eden, and wave in their vast but solitary luxuriance over the fertile hills and plains—were all these obtained from thin air? Were the particles which unite to form our mercantile navy overborne the world about, not only on wings of air, but actually as air themselves. Was the firm table on which I write, the chair on which I rest, the solid floor on which I tread, and much of the house in which I dwell, once in a form which I could not as much as lay my finger on, or grasp in my hand? Wonderful truth! all this was air.

MARVELLOUS DISCLOSURES IN RELATION TO AN M. D.'S WIFE.

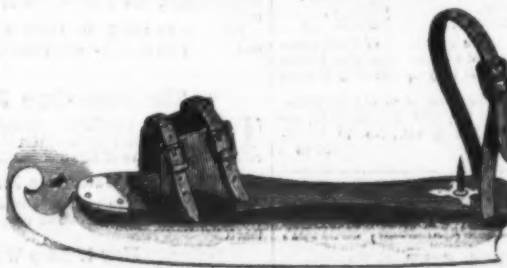
An almost inconceivable story is told by the Brooklyn Times of January 4 about "a lady of high standing and repute." Although it says there are "other facts connected with the case which we are not at liberty to relate at present, so strange and disgusting as to appear improbable, but fully proved by numerous and competent witnesses," the story already told is sufficiently "hard" to be revolting. It runs thus: The doctor, who is the victim of his wife's infidelity, is a native of New England. He was about forty years of age when he advertised for a wife. Among the applicants for this situation was a charming young lady, signing herself G. B. T. In the process of time the doctor, by his negotiations, concluded upon making a contract, so he and the charming Miss T. were engaged to be married, and were married. Miss T. is set forth as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist living on Brooklyn Heights, who secured the property of his daughter in such a way that it must remain in his own hands for safety, after the marriage.

The bridal tour was to Saratoga. After a round of pleasure, the doctor settled down to a practice of his profession in Kentucky. All went happy as a marriage bell, until in an evil hour the doctor concluded to sell out and move to Philadelphia. After a brief period spent in the Quaker City, the bride still wishing to get nearer home, and the doctor not caring if he did move East, they came to Williamsburg, where the doctor bought out a good practice and settled down to enjoy it. Here the troubles and trials of the doctor were brought to light, and with them are connected about forty of the most wealthy merchants, lawyers, professors and doctors of New York. Soon after settling down in the Eastern District of Brooklyn, the lady "acquired a habit of travelling out" to New York any day, Sundays included. This practice was continued, notwithstanding the remonstrance of the doctor, until at length he determined to watch for an available opportunity to find out, if possible, the true nature of his wife's enterprise. Accordingly about the 1st of last September an anonymous note came in his possession. It was directed to his wife. He read it. It was from a fortune-teller. It threatened an exposé unless a balance of \$60 due was paid forthwith. The doctor's eyes were opened.

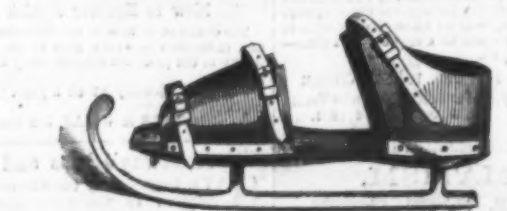
Subsequently, the veritable fortune-teller (a Miss Wellington, of Sixth avenue, New York) called to see the lady. She saw the gentleman, however, and revealed to him a catalogue of his wife's transgressions, which more than confirmed his worst suspicions. Among other outrages which she had committed against her un-



NO. 1—CONOVER & WALKER'S ENGLISH GENTLEMAN'S SKATE—ROCKER HEEL, DUMP TOE, CLUB STRAP, ONE AND QUARTER INCH IRONS.



NO. 2—CONOVER & WALKER'S ENGLISH GENTLEMAN'S SKATE—SQUARE HEEL, SCOTCH TOE, OXFORD STRAP, ONE INCH IRONS.



NO. 3—CONOVER & WALKER'S POPULAR LADY'S SKATE.

fortunate husband was the investment of large sums of money with the fortune-teller for love-powders. The wife, finding herself discovered, left Williamsburg and proceeded to Boston, where she yet resides.

The injured husband has sold out his house and removed to New England. Recently he returned, and is now about to commence a suit for divorce, in connection with which the gentlemen referred to will appear as witnesses. Among other things discovered by the doctor in his searches, he found a diary containing the names of all the gentlemen with whom she had amours, and the date of each. In another book was kept an account of all moneys received. There were about forty different names in these books.

THE BINDING OF FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER.

We can now furnish uniform covers for Vol. 10 of this newspaper, in black muslin gilt, for fifty cents, or by mail, prepaid, 75 cents. Also the title, copious index and list of engravings, price five cents; or both inclusive, by mail, eighty cents. No. 19 City Hall Square, New York.

DO YOU SHAVE?

We have a private word for our unfortunate masculine brothers; excluding the gentler sex merely because nature has granted them an immunity from the curse entailed on us—shaving. For several years we performed the mutilating cutting and slashing operation, facetiously termed shaving, ignorant of aught to ameliorate the rasped condition in which we invariably found our human face divine. One little year since, after reading in every conceivable journal, published in every conceivable place, a succession of cunningly worded advertisements of BROWN'S KALLISTON, we decided to try the preparation. We now rejoice in a smooth skin, and would sooner part with our new patent leather boots than our bottle of Kalliston.—*Boston Saturday Express.*

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